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## THE QUEEN OF THE MANY-COLOURED BEDCHAMBER AN IRISH FAIRY TALE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Edmund Dulac's Fairy-Book*, by Edmund Dulac

One day in the long ago, the sun shone down upon a green wood whose mightiest trees have since rotted at the bottom of the ocean, where the best masts find a grave. While the sunlight slept on the bosom of the foliage, a horseman galloped in the shade beneath. The great chief Fion, son of Cumhail, was looking for his knights, whom he had outstripped in the hunt.

He reined in his steed in a broad glade, and blew his bugle loud and clear. Beside the echoes repeated among the hillsides, there was no answering call. He rode on, pausing now and again to blow another and another bugle-blast, but always with the same result.

At length the wood grew more scattered, and presently he came out upon a stretch of plain where the grass was so green that it looked like emerald; and beyond it in the distance, at the end of the sloping plain, he could see the seashore, and the ocean rising like a wall of sapphire up to the farthest horizon.

Down by the shore he could see figures moving, and, thinking that his knights had found their way thither, he rode like the wind down the long, gentle slope towards them. As he drew nearer and nearer, he saw that there were twelve of them, and they were playing at ball. By the mighty strokes they gave with the \_coman\_ he guessed that these were the twelve sons of Bawr Sculloge, for none but them could drive the ball so high and far. Tremendous were their strokes, and, when they ran after the ball, they outstripped the wind.

As Fion drew rein and dismounted, they stopped their play; and, drawing near, welcomed him loudly as the helper of the weak, and the protector of the green island against the white-faced stranger.

When he had returned their greeting, they invited him to join them in their game--if such an amusement was agreeable to him.

'Fion, son of Cumhail,' said one, 'here, take my \_coman\_ and wipe away the vanity and conceit of all comers, for we are practising for a great

contest.'

Fion took the \_coman\_ and looked at it, holding it up between his finger and thumb.

'I doubt if I could do much good with this plaything,' said Fion; 'it would break at first blow if I were to strike at all hard.'

'Never let that stand in the way,' returned the other. 'Wait!'

He then searched upon the ground among the blades of grass, and at length found a nettle, which he pulled up by the roots. Having breathed a charm over it, he passed it three times from one hand to the other, and lo, it was changed into a mighty \_coman\_, fit for the hand of Fion, son of Cumhail.

Then they were amazed at his terrific blows. The ball, struck by Fion, soared almost out of sight in the sky, and fell to earth far off. But, each time, the fleet-footed sons of Bawr Sculloge retrieved it.

At last Fion bared his arm to the shoulder, and, with a final blow, sent the ball out of sight. None saw it go; none saw it fall. They all stood and looked at each other.

'My hand on it,' said the eldest son of Bawr, advancing to Fion. 'I live to admit that I never saw the game played till to-day.'

As they were speaking, a voice hailed them; and, turning seawards, they saw a small boat approaching. As soon as it touched the beach, a man sprang ashore, and hastened towards them.

'Hail! Fion, son of Cumhail!' he cried. 'You are known to me, though not I to you. My lady, the Queen of Sciana Breaca, lays a knight's task upon you. Hasten forthwith, and have speech with her on her island. The hand of Flat Ear the Witch is upon her, and her chiefs have advised her to summon you to her aid.'

'I know it,' replied Fion. 'The Salmon of Wisdom, which comes up from the sea, breeds knowledge in my brain. I know what is passing in all the islands, but I fear that my efforts against witchcraft would be unavailing. Nevertheless, I will try. I will choose, from the twelve sons of Bawr Sculloge, three that I need, and together we will follow you to the island.'

'But, noble chief, you have no boat here, and mine will hold only one other beside myself.'

'Let not that trouble you,' replied Fion. 'I will provide a boat for us four, and we will follow you.'

With this he selected from the twelve sons the three that he needed. They were Chluas, Grunne, and Bechunach. Then he plucked two twigs of a witch hazel that grew near by, and they all proceeded to the beach. There he held the two twigs out over the water, and, in a moment, the one became a boat and the other a mast with sail set. He sprang in and the three followed, and presently they were speeding over the sea, setting their course by that of the stranger in his boat.

They sailed for many hours before they came to the island of the Queen of the Many-coloured Bedchamber. There they passed between high rocks, and entered a quiet harbour, where they moored their boat to a stout pillar and set a seal upon the fastening, forbidding any but themselves to loose it for the space of one year, for they knew not how long their quest would last. Then they went up into the palace of the Queen.

They were gladly welcomed and treated with the most generous hospitality. When they had eaten and drank, the Queen led them into a vast bedchamber decorated in the form and manner of the rainbow. Over the ceiling were the seven colours in their natural order. Round the walls they ranged themselves in the same fashion, and even the carpet itself was formed of seven hues to correspond. If the rainbow itself had been caught and tied up in a room, the effect could not have been more remarkable. It was indeed a many-coloured bedchamber!

Taking Fion by the hand, the Queen led them all into a corner of the bedchamber, where she pointed to a little cot in which a child lay sleeping.

'I had three children,' she said as she stood at the head of the cot, while Fion and the others gathered round. 'When the eldest was a year old it was carried off by that wicked witch, Flat Ear. The next year, when the second one was twelve months old, it suffered the same fate. And now my youngest here, who is twelve months old to-day, has fallen sick, and I fear to lose him in the same manner. This very night the witch will surely come and snatch my child away unless you can prevent her.'

'Take comfort, fair Queen,' said Fion. 'We will do our best. If you will leave this chamber to us we will watch over your child and see that it comes to no harm. And, if it be possible to capture the witch, depend upon it we shall do so. Too long she has worked her wickedness upon these lands.'

The Queen thanked him and withdrew. Soon the sun was set, and, as the

child slept on and the shadows gathered, Fion and the three brothers set their watch in the Many-coloured Bedchamber. Presently servants came in and set wine before them--honey-mead and Danish beer, and metheglin and sweet cakes. And, while they regaled themselves, the servants brought chessmen and a board, and Grunne and Bechunach played chess while Fion and Chluas watched by the bedside.

Hours passed while the two chess-players were absorbed in their game and the other two kept watch and ward. Then, towards midnight, while Fion was alert and wakeful, he saw Chluas sink his chin on his breast, overcome by an unnatural sleep. Thrice Chluas strove to rouse himself, but thrice he sank into a deeper sleep.

'Wake up, Chluas!' cried Grunne, as Bechunach was considering his next move. 'Wake up! We have a pledge to keep.'

Chluas roused himself. 'Yes, yes,' he said; 'we have a pledge to keep.' And then his chin sank gradually on his breast again, and he was once more a victim to the same unnatural sleep.

'Let him alone,' said Fion. 'I will watch.'

And the two brothers went on with their game of chess.

Suddenly a chill wind swept through the bedchamber. The fire in the grate flickered, and the candles burned low: the child in the cot stirred and moaned.

'See that!' said Fion in a hoarse whisper, pointing to the fireplace.

They turned and looked. It was a long, lean, bony hand reaching down the chimney and groping in the direction of the cot. The fingers were spread out and crooked, all ready to clutch. Slowly the long arm lengthened and drew near the cot. It was about to snatch the child, when Fion darted forward and seized it in an iron grip.

There was a violent struggle, for Fion had the arm of the witch in his powerful grasp. He held on so masterfully that the witch, in her frantic efforts to draw it away, fell down the chimney, rolled across the fire, struck Fion a terrific blow on the temple with her other hand, and then, falling on top of his unconscious body, lay still, her shoulder torn and bleeding.

Grunne and Bechunach quickly ran to Fion's aid, and, leaving the witch for dead, quickly withdrew his body and restored him to consciousness. Then, when they turned to see to the witch, they found that both she and the child had vanished.

They sprang to their feet and roused Chluas roughly. But he sank to sleep again immediately.

'What shall we do?' they all asked of Fion.

'Follow!' said he; 'follow where I lead. Grunne, pick up your bow and arrows; Bechunach, knot your ladder of cords. Follow me, both of you. Leave Chluas sleeping: he is not in his body; his spirit goes with us, and we cannot do without it.'

So Grunne gathered up his bow and arrows and Bechunach his rope, and the three, leaving the body of Chluas like dead wood, went forth to seek the witch.

They came to the seashore, loosed their boat, sped across the harbour and out between the high rocks. Then, guided by the loosed spirit of the sleeping Chluas, they sped forward on the ocean, driven by a freshening breeze. All the while the spirit-light, floating above the waves, led them on.

It was some two hours before dawn when they descried, in the distance, the lighted tower of the witch, upon an island. A dull, red flame shot out from it, and, as it turned for ever on itself, this flame lighted the sea around like a revolving wheel, clear and red against the surrounding blackness.

Nearer and nearer they approached it. Then Fion stood up in the boat and chanted magic spells, raising his arms and sinking them again with fingers stretched and his palms downwards. Then with a loud cry he called for sleep to descend on the vile witch of the revolving tower.

Ere yet his cry had died away on the surrounding sea the red light ceased to revolve. It was still, glaring dully. Then, as the boat touched the beach beneath the tower, Fion commanded Bechunach to throw his knotted cord and noose the topmost turret.

It was soon done. The noose caught, and held. And, in another moment, Bechunach, like a wild cat of the mountain, was climbing up. Fion and Grunne followed, while the spirit of Chluas, who lay fast asleep in the Many-coloured Bedchamber, guided and directed their every movement.

They gained a window of the tower and made their way in. Following the gleam of the dull, red light, they went from room to room, and at last came to one where it shone clearly through the cracks of the door. They burst in, and stood aghast on the threshold at the sight that met their gaze.

There on the floor lay the witch, in a magic sleep, the blood flowing from her shoulder, torn by Fion in the struggle. And there, around her, crying bitterly, were the Queen's three children.

Fion stooped down and swept his arm round them, and took them aside and comforted them. Then he gathered the youngest to his breast, and, directing Grunne and Bechunach to see to the other two, he led the way to the window.

In a very short time they had all climbed down the rope ladder and were speeding away in the boat. But, as they left the island, the spell was released. The tower, with its wheel of red light, began again to revolve upon the waters, and they heard the witch's shriek of rage as she awoke to the pain of her wound, to find the children gone. It came again and again, that shriek of baffled hate and rage and pain. Then, as they looked back, they saw a dark form glide down the walls of the tower like a loathsome thing creeping head downwards. It reached the foot and sped to the seashore. Then it seemed to loose a boat, and, in another moment, it was speeding in pursuit of them. Faster and faster over the waves it came.

'Quick!' cried Fion to Grunne. 'Draw your bowstring to your ear. You will not miss: the spirit of the sleeper will guide your shaft.'

Grunne fitted an arrow to his bowstring, and drew it to his ear. Then, as Fion shot forward his outstretched hands, casting a vivid light from his finger-tips over the surface of the sea, the arrow sped with a twang and a whiz.

A terrible cry came back across the water. The witch, struck to the heart, threw up her arms, and, falling from her boat, sank in the sea.

Fion put down his hands, and then all was dark, save for a dull red light which flickered and played above the spot where the witch had sunk; and they sped on.

Now they neared the harbour, and saw a multitude of people waiting, with torches waving. When they gained the foothold of the land, with the three children in their arms, the people raised a mighty cheer. The Queen heard it and hastened to meet them.

Great was her joy on receiving her three children at the hands of Fion. And she showered upon him every blessing, entertaining him and his comrades--the three sons of Bawr Sculloge--for a whole year. And every year thereafter--lest the deed be forgotten--on the anniversary of the day she sent a boat laden with gold and silver and precious stones, and

shields and helmets and chess-tables and rich cloaks; and the sons of Bawr Sculloge invited Fion to join them in high festival on that day, for they said, 'Such deeds should never be forgotten.'

And, one morning in spring, Fion, son of Cumhail, went into the gardens and orchards about his palace and plucked many twigs from flowers and fruit trees, and with these he went down to the seashore. Holding them above the waves, he recited a spell, and immediately a boat was formed of the twigs--a trim little craft with sail set.

He sprang in and steered his course for the isle of the Queen of the Many-coloured Bedchamber. And, as he sped over the waves, the boat began to bud; and green leaves appeared on the mast, and the spars and stays put out the growth of spring, till they shone like emerald in the sun.

When he came in sight of the island, the sides of the boat were covered with blossoms, the mast had put out a wealth of petals, and the sail and rigging were covered with flowering vines. Then, as he passed between the high rocks and entered the harbour, the watchers on shore saw a boat approaching, splendid with summer flowers, and on its mast were spreading branches dropping down with luscious fruit. Nearer and nearer it came, and, when it touched the shore, Fion sprang out, and bade them gather the beautiful flowers and the ripe fruit and take them to their Queen.

And Queen Breaca valued this present more than any other he could have offered, because the manner of it was beautiful, and a Queen is a woman, and a woman loves beautiful things above all else.

And Chluas, the sleeper--what reward had he? He claimed none, and none knows what was his reward. Yet it is said that in the Land of Deep Sleep there are rewards undreamt of by those who wake.

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# CE QUI RETIENT NINA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poésies complètes*, by Arthur Rimbaud

LUI

Ta poitrine sur ma poitrine,  
Hein? nous irions,  
Ayant de l'air plein la narine,  
Aux frais rayons

Du bon matin bleu qui vous baigne  
Du vin de jour?...  
Quand tout le bois frissonnant saigne  
Muet d'amour

De chaque branche, gouttes vertes,  
Des bourgeons clairs,  
On sent dans les choses ouvertes  
Frémir des chairs;

Tu plongerais dans la luzerne  
Ton long peignoir,  
Divine avec ce bleu qui cerne  
Ton grand oeil noir,

Amoureuse de la campagne,  
Semant partout,  
Comme une mousse de champagne,  
Ton rire fou!

Riant moi, brutal d'ivresse,  
Qui te prendrais  
Comme cela,--la belle tresse,  
Oh!--qui boirais

Ton goût de framboise et de fraise,  
Chair de fleur!  
Riant au vent vif qui te baise  
Comme un voleur!

Au rose plantier qui t'embrasse  
Aimablement...  
Riant surtout, folle t'embrasse,  
ton amant!...



Dix-sept ans! Tu seras heureuse!  
Oh! les grands pr~~ès~~,  
La grande campagne amoureuse!  
--Dis, viens plus pr~~ès~~!...

Ta poitrine sur ma poitrine,  
M~~en~~ant nos voix,  
Lents, nous gagnerions la ravine,  
Puis les grands bois!...

Puis, comme une petite morte,  
Le coeur p~~er~~ m~~er~~  
Tu me dirais que je te porte,  
L'oeil mi-ferm~~er~~.

Je te porterais, palpitante  
Dans le sentier...  
L'oiseau filerait son andante,  
Joli portier...

Je te parlerais dans ta bouche:  
J'irais, pressant  
Ton corps, comme une enfant qu'on couche  
Ivre du sang

Qui coule, bleu, sous ta peau blanche  
Aux tons ros~~er~~,  
Te parlant bas la langue franche...  
Tiens!... que tu sais...

Nos grands bois sentiraient la s~~er~~ve,  
Et le soleil  
Sablerait d'or fin leur grand r~~er~~ce  
Sombre et vermeil!

Le soir?... Nous reprendrons la route  
Blanche qui court,  
Fl~~an~~ant, comme un troupeau qui broute,  
Tout l'entour...

Les bons vergers l'herbe bleue  
Aux pommiers tors!  
Comme on les sent tout une lieue,  
Leurs parfums forts!

Nous regagnerions le village  
Au ciel mi-noir;

Et a sentirait le laitage  
Dans l'air du soir:

· a sentirait l'able pleine  
De fumiers chauds,  
Pleine d'un rythme lent d'haleine,  
Et de grands dos

Blanchissant sous quelque lumière;  
Et, tout l -bas,  
Une vache fienterait fière,  
chaque pas!...

--Les lunettes de la grand'mère  
Et son nez long  
Dans son missel, le pot de bière  
Cerclé de plomb

Moussant entre trois larges pipes  
Qui, cr nement,  
Fument: dix, quinze, immenses lippes  
Qui, tout fumant,

Happent le jambon aux fourchettes  
Tant, tant et plus;  
Le feu qui claire les couchettes,  
Et les bahuts:

Les fesses luisantes et grasses  
D'un gros enfant  
Qui fourre, genoux, dans des tasses,  
Son museau blanc

Frolpar un mufle qui gronde  
D'un ton gentil,  
Et pourliche la face ronde  
Du cher petit...

Noire, rogue au bord de sa chaise,  
Affreux profil,  
Une vieille devant la braise  
Qui fait du fil;

Que de choses nous verrions, chère,  
Dans ces taudis,  
Quand la flamme illumine, claire,  
Les carreaux gris!...

--Et puis, fra che et toute nichée  
Dans les lilas,  
La maison, la vitre cachée  
Qui rit l -bas...

Tu viendras, tu viendras, je t'aime,  
Ce sera beau!  
Tu viendras, n'est-ce pas? et m'en va...

ELLE

Mais le bureau?

15 août 1870.

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## THE FLOWER QUEEN'S DAUGHTER<sup>(23)</sup>

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Yellow Fairy Book*, by Various

(23) From the Bukowinaer. Von Wliolocki.

A young Prince was riding one day through a meadow that stretched for miles in front of him, when he came to a deep open ditch. He was turning aside to avoid it, when he heard the sound of someone crying in the ditch. He dismounted from his horse, and stepped along in the direction the sound came from. To his astonishment he found an old woman, who begged him to help her out of the ditch. The Prince bent down and lifted her out of her living grave, asking her at the same time how she had managed to get there.

'My son,' answered the old woman, 'I am a very poor woman, and soon after midnight I set out for the neighbouring town in order to sell my eggs in the market on the following morning; but I lost my way in the dark, and fell into this deep ditch, where I might have remained for ever but for your kindness.'

Then the Prince said to her, 'You can hardly walk; I will put you on my horse and lead you home. Where do you live?'

'Over there, at the edge of the forest in the little hut you see in the distance,' replied the old woman.

The Prince lifted her on to his horse, and soon they reached the hut,

where the old woman got down, and turning to the Prince said, 'Just wait a moment, and I will give you something.' And she disappeared into her hut, but returned very soon and said, 'You are a mighty Prince, but at the same time you have a kind heart, which deserves to be rewarded. Would you like to have the most beautiful woman in the world for your wife?'

'Most certainly I would,' replied the Prince.

So the old woman continued, 'The most beautiful woman in the whole world is the daughter of the Queen of the Flowers, who has been captured by a dragon. If you wish to marry her, you must first set her free, and this I will help you to do. I will give you this little bell: if you ring it once, the King of the Eagles will appear; if you ring it twice, the King of the Foxes will come to you; and if you ring it three times, you will see the King of the Fishes by your side. These will help you if you are in any difficulty. Now farewell, and heaven prosper your undertaking.' She handed him the little bell, and there disappeared hut and all, as though the earth had swallowed her up.

Then it dawned on the Prince that he had been speaking to a good fairy, and putting the little bell carefully in his pocket, he rode home and told his father that he meant to set the daughter of the Flower Queen free, and intended setting out on the following day into the wide world in search of the maid.

So the next morning the Prince mounted his fine horse and left his home. He had roamed round the world for a whole year, and his horse had died of exhaustion, while he himself had suffered much from want and misery, but still he had come on no trace of her he was in search of. At last one day he came to a hut, in front of which sat a very old man. The Prince asked him, 'Do you not know where the Dragon lives who keeps the daughter of the Flower Queen prisoner?'

'No, I do not,' answered the old man. 'But if you go straight along this road for a year, you will reach a hut where my father lives, and possibly he may be able to tell you.'

The Prince thanked him for his information, and continued his journey for a whole year along the same road, and at the end of it came to the little hut, where he found a very old man. He asked him the same question, and the old man answered, 'No, I do not know where the Dragon lives. But go straight along this road for another year, and you will come to a hut in which my father lives. I know he can tell you.'

And so the Prince wandered on for another year, always on the same road, and at last reached the hut where he found the third old man. He put

the same question to him as he had put to his son and grandson; but this time the old man answered, 'The Dragon lives up there on the mountain, and he has just begun his year of sleep. For one whole year he is always awake, and the next he sleeps. But if you wish to see the Flower Queen's daughter go up the second mountain: the Dragon's old mother lives there, and she has a ball every night, to which the Flower Queen's daughter goes regularly.'

So the Prince went up the second mountain, where he found a castle all made of gold with diamond windows. He opened the big gate leading into the courtyard, and was just going to walk in, when seven dragons rushed on him and asked him what he wanted?

The Prince replied, 'I have heard so much of the beauty and kindness of the Dragon's Mother, and would like to enter her service.'

This flattering speech pleased the dragons, and the eldest of them said, 'Well, you may come with me, and I will take you to the Mother Dragon.'

They entered the castle and walked through twelve splendid halls, all made of gold and diamonds. In the twelfth room they found the Mother Dragon seated on a diamond throne. She was the ugliest woman under the sun, and, added to it all, she had three heads. Her appearance was a great shock to the Prince, and so was her voice, which was like the croaking of many ravens. She asked him, 'Why have you come here?'

The Prince answered at once, 'I have heard so much of your beauty and kindness, that I would very much like to enter your service.'

'Very well,' said the Mother Dragon; 'but if you wish to enter my service, you must first lead my mare out to the meadow and look after her for three days; but if you don't bring her home safely every evening, we will eat you up.'

The Prince undertook the task and led the mare out to the meadow.

But no sooner had they reached the grass than she vanished. The Prince sought for her in vain, and at last in despair sat down on a big stone and contemplated his sad fate. As he sat thus lost in thought, he noticed an eagle flying over his head. Then he suddenly bethought him of his little bell, and taking it out of his pocket he rang it once. In a moment he heard a rustling sound in the air beside him, and the King of the Eagles sank at his feet.

'I know what you want of me,' the bird said. 'You are looking for the Mother Dragon's mare who is galloping about among the clouds. I will summon all the eagles of the air together, and order them to catch the

mare and bring her to you.' And with these words the King of the Eagles flew away. Towards evening the Prince heard a mighty rushing sound in the air, and when he looked up he saw thousands of eagles driving the mare before them. They sank at his feet on to the ground and gave the mare over to him. Then the Prince rode home to the old Mother Dragon, who was full of wonder when she saw him, and said, 'You have succeeded to-day in looking after my mare, and as a reward you shall come to my ball to-night.' She gave him at the same time a cloak made of copper, and led him to a big room where several young he-dragons and she-dragons were dancing together. Here, too, was the Flower Queen's beautiful daughter. Her dress was woven out of the most lovely flowers in the world, and her complexion was like lilies and roses. As the Prince was dancing with her he managed to whisper in her ear, 'I have come to set you free!'

Then the beautiful girl said to him, 'If you succeed in bringing the mare back safely the third day, ask the Mother Dragon to give you a foal of the mare as a reward.'

The ball came to an end at midnight, and early next morning the Prince again led the Mother Dragon's mare out into the meadow. But again she vanished before his eyes. Then he took out his little bell and rang it twice.

In a moment the King of the Foxes stood before him and said: 'I know already what you want, and will summon all the foxes of the world together to find the mare who has hidden herself in a hill.'

With these words the King of the Foxes disappeared, and in the evening many thousand foxes brought the mare to the Prince.

Then he rode home to the Mother-Dragon, from whom he received this time a cloak made of silver, and again she led him to the ball-room.

The Flower Queen's daughter was delighted to see him safe and sound, and when they were dancing together she whispered in his ear: 'If you succeed again to-morrow, wait for me with the foal in the meadow. After the ball we will fly away together.'

On the third day the Prince led the mare to the meadow again; but once more she vanished before his eyes. Then the Prince took out his little bell and rang it three times.

In a moment the King of the Fishes appeared, and said to him: 'I know quite well what you want me to do, and I will summon all the fishes of the sea together, and tell them to bring you back the mare, who is hiding herself in a river.'

Towards evening the mare was returned to him, and when he led her home to the Mother Dragon she said to him:

'You are a brave youth, and I will make you my body-servant. But what shall I give you as a reward to begin with?'

The Prince begged for a foal of the mare, which the Mother Dragon at once gave him, and over and above, a cloak made of gold, for she had fallen in love with him because he had praised her beauty.

So in the evening he appeared at the ball in his golden cloak; but before the entertainment was over he slipped away, and went straight to the stables, where he mounted his foal and rode out into the meadow to wait for the Flower Queen's daughter. Towards midnight the beautiful girl appeared, and placing her in front of him on his horse, the Prince and she flew like the wind till they reached the Flower Queen's dwelling. But the dragons had noticed their flight, and woke their brother out of his year's sleep. He flew into a terrible rage when he heard what had happened, and determined to lay siege to the Flower Queen's palace; but the Queen caused a forest of flowers as high as the sky to grow up round her dwelling, through which no one could force a way.

When the Flower Queen heard that her daughter wanted to marry the Prince, she said to him: 'I will give my consent to your marriage gladly, but my daughter can only stay with you in summer. In winter, when everything is dead and the ground covered with snow, she must come and live with me in my palace underground.' The Prince consented to this, and led his beautiful bride home, where the wedding was held with great pomp and magnificence. The young couple lived happily together till winter came, when the Flower Queen's daughter departed and went home to her mother. In summer she returned to her husband, and their life of joy and happiness began again, and lasted till the approach of winter, when the Flower Queen's daughter went back again to her mother. This coming and going continued all her life long, and in spite of it they always lived happily together.

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# The Story of the Queen of the Flowery Isles

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Grey Fairy Book*, by Various

There once lived a queen who ruled over the Flowery Isles, whose husband, to her extreme grief, died a few years after their marriage. On being left a widow she devoted herself almost entirely to the education of the two charming princesses, her only children. The elder of them was so lovely that as she grew up her mother greatly feared she would excite the jealousy of the Queen of all the Isles, who prided herself on being the most beautiful woman in the world, and insisted on all rivals bowing before her charms.

In order the better to gratify her vanity she had urged the king, her husband, to make war on all the surrounding islands, and as his greatest wish was to please her, the only conditions he imposed on any newly-conquered country was that each princess of every royal house should attend his court as soon as she was fifteen years old, and do homage to the transcendent beauty of his queen.

The queen of the Flowery Isles, well aware of this law, was fully determined to present her daughter to the proud queen as soon as her fifteenth birthday was past.

The queen herself had heard a rumour of the young princess's great beauty, and awaited her visit with some anxiety, which soon developed into jealousy, for when the interview took place it was impossible not to be dazzled by such radiant charms, and she was obliged to admit that she had never beheld anyone so exquisitely lovely.

Of course she thought in her own mind 'excepting myself!' for nothing could have made her believe it possible that anyone could eclipse her.

But the outspoken admiration of the entire court soon undeceived her, and made her so angry that she pretended illness and retired to her own rooms, so as to avoid witnessing the princess's triumph. She also sent word to the Queen of the Flowery Isles that she was sorry not to be well enough to see her again, and advised her to return to her own states with the princess, her daughter.

This message was entrusted to one of the great ladies of the court, who was an old friend of the Queen of the Flowery Isles, and who advised her not to wait to take a formal leave but to go home as fast as she could.

The queen was not slow to take the hint, and lost no time in obeying it. Being well aware of the magic powers of the incensed queen, she warned



her daughter that she was threatened by some great danger if she left the palace for any reason whatever during the next six months.

The princess promised obedience, and no pains were spared to make the time pass pleasantly for her.

The six months were nearly at an end, and on the very last day a splendid fête was to take place in a lovely meadow quite near the palace. The princess, who had been able to watch all the preparations from her window, implored her mother to let her go as far as the meadow; and the queen, thinking all risk must be over, consented, and promised to take her there herself.

The whole court was delighted to see their much-loved princess at liberty, and everyone set off in high glee to join in the fête.

The princess, overjoyed at being once more in the open air, was walking a little in advance of her party when suddenly the earth opened under her feet and closed again after swallowing her up!

The queen fainted away with terror, and the younger princess burst into floods of tears and could hardly be dragged away from the fatal spot, whilst the court was overwhelmed with horror at so great a calamity.

Orders were given to bore the earth to a great depth, but in vain; not a trace of the vanished princess was to be found.

She sank right through the earth and found herself in a desert place with nothing but rocks and trees and no sign of any human being. The only living creature she saw was a very pretty little dog, who ran up to her and at once began to caress her. She took him in her arms, and after playing with him for a little put him down again, when he started off in front of her, looking round from time to time as though begging her to follow.

She let him lead her on, and presently reached a little hill, from which she saw a valley full of lovely fruit trees, bearing flowers and fruit together. The ground was also covered with fruit and flowers, and in the middle of the valley rose a fountain surrounded by a velvety lawn.

The princess hastened to this charming spot, and sitting down on the grass began to think over the misfortune which had befallen her, and burst into tears as she reflected on her sad condition.

The fruit and clear fresh water would, she knew, prevent her from dying of hunger or thirst, but how could she escape if any wild beast appeared and tried to devour her?

At length, having thought over every possible evil which could happen, the princess tried to distract her mind by playing with the little dog. She spent the whole day near the fountain, but as night drew on she wondered what she should do, when she noticed that the little dog was pulling at her dress.

She paid no heed to him at first, but as he continued to pull her dress and then run a few steps in one particular direction, she at last decided to follow him; he stopped before a rock with a large opening in the centre, which he evidently wished her to enter.

The princess did so and discovered a large and beautiful cave lit up by the brilliancy of the stones with which it was lined, with a little couch covered with soft moss in one corner. She lay down on it and the dog at once nestled at her feet. Tired out with all she had gone through she soon fell asleep.

Next morning she was awakened very early by the songs of many birds. The little dog woke up too, and sprang round her in his most caressing manner. She got up and went outside, the dog as before running on in front and turning back constantly to take her dress and draw her on.

She let him have his way and he soon led her back to the beautiful garden where she had spent part of the day before. Here she ate some fruit, drank some water of the fountain, and felt as if she had made an excellent meal. She walked about amongst the flowers, played with her little dog, and at night returned to sleep in the cave.

In this way the princess passed several months, and as her first terrors died away she gradually became more resigned to her fate. The little dog, too, was a great comfort, and her constant companion.

One day she noticed that he seemed very sad and did not even caress her as usual. Fearing he might be ill she carried him to a spot where she had seen him eat some particular herbs, hoping they might do him good, but he would not touch them. He spent all the night, too, sighing and groaning as if in great pain.

At last the princess fell asleep, and when she awoke her first thought was for her little pet, but not finding him at her feet as usual, she ran out of the cave to look for him. As she stepped out of the cave she caught sight of an old man, who hurried away so fast that she had barely time to see him before he disappeared.

This was a fresh surprise and almost as great a shock as the loss of her little dog, who had been so faithful to her ever since the first day she

had seen him. She wondered if he had strayed away or if the old man had stolen him.

Tormented by all kinds of thoughts and fears she wandered on, when suddenly she felt herself wrapped in a thick cloud and carried through the air. She made no resistance and before very long found herself, to her great surprise, in an avenue leading to the palace in which she had been born. No sign of the cloud anywhere.

As the princess approached the palace she perceived that everyone was dressed in black, and she was filled with fear as to the cause of this mourning. She hastened on and was soon recognised and welcomed with shouts of joy. Her sister hearing the cheers ran out and embraced the wanderer, with tears of happiness, telling her that the shock of her disappearance had been so terrible that their mother had only survived it a few days. Since then the younger princess had worn the crown, which she now resigned to her sister to whom it by right belonged.

But the elder wished to refuse it, and would only accept the crown on condition that her sister should share in all the power.

The first acts of the new queen were to do honour to the memory of her dear mother and to shower every mark of generous affection on her sister. Then, being still very grieved at the loss of her little dog, she had a careful search made for him in every country, and when nothing could be heard of him she was so grieved that she offered half her kingdom to whoever should restore him to her.

Many gentlemen of the court, tempted by the thought of such a reward, set off in all directions in search of the dog; but all returned empty-handed to the queen, who, in despair announced that since life was unbearable without her little dog, she would give her hand in marriage to the man who brought him back.

The prospect of such a prize quickly turned the court into a desert, nearly every courtier starting on the quest. Whilst they were away the queen was informed one day that a very ill-looking man wished to speak with her. She desired him to be shown into a room where she was sitting with her sister.

On entering her presence he said that he was prepared to give the queen her little dog if she on her side was ready to keep her word.

The princess was the first to speak. She said that the queen had no right to marry without the consent of the nation, and that on so important an occasion the general council must be summoned. The queen could not say anything against this statement; but she ordered an

apartment in the palace to be given to the man, and desired the council to meet on the following day.

Next day, accordingly, the council assembled in great state, and by the princess's advice it was decided to offer the man a large sum of money for the dog, and should he refuse it, to banish him from the kingdom without seeing the queen again. The man refused the price offered and left the hall.

The princess informed the queen of what had passed, and the queen approved of all, but added that as she was her own mistress she had made up her mind to abdicate her throne, and to wander through the world till she had found her little dog.

The princess was much alarmed by such a resolution, and implored the queen to change her mind. Whilst they were discussing the subject, one of the chamberlains appeared to inform the queen that the bay was covered with ships. The two sisters ran to the balcony, and saw a large fleet in full sail for the port.

In a little time they came to the conclusion that the ships must come from a friendly nation, as every vessel was decked with gay flags, streamers, and pennons, and the way was led by a small ship flying a great white flag of peace.

The queen sent a special messenger to the harbour, and was soon informed that the fleet belonged to the Prince of the Emerald Isles, who begged leave to land in her kingdom, and to present his humble respects to her. The queen at once sent some of the court dignitaries to receive the prince and bid him welcome.

She awaited him seated on her throne, but rose on his appearance, and went a few steps to meet him; then begged him to be seated, and for about an hour kept him in close conversation.

The prince was then conducted to a splendid suite of apartments, and the next day he asked for a private audience. He was admitted to the queen's own sitting-room, where she was sitting alone with her sister.

After the first greetings the prince informed the queen that he had some very strange things to tell her, which she only would know to be true.

'Madam,' said he, 'I am a neighbour of the Queen of all the Isles; and a small isthmus connects part of my states with hers. One day, when hunting a stag, I had the misfortune to meet her, and not recognising her, I did not stop to salute her with all proper ceremony. You, Madam, know better than anyone how revengeful she is, and that she is also a

mistress of magic. I learnt both facts to my cost. The ground opened under my feet, and I soon found myself in a far distant region transformed into a little dog, under which shape I had the honour to meet your Majesty. After six months, the queen's vengeance not being yet satisfied, she further changed me into a hideous old man, and in this form I was so afraid of being unpleasant in your eyes, Madam, that I hid myself in the depths of the woods, where I spent three months more. At the end of that time I was so fortunate as to meet a benevolent fairy who delivered me from the proud queen's power, and told me all your adventures and where to find you. I now come to offer you a heart which has been entirely yours, Madam, since first we met in the desert.'

A few days later a herald was sent through the kingdom to proclaim the joyful news of the marriage of the Queen of the Flowery Isles with the young prince. They lived happily for many years, and ruled their people well.

As for the bad queen, whose vanity and jealousy had caused so much mischief, the Fairies took all her power away for a punishment.

['Cabinet des Fées.']

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## Long, Broad, and Quickeye

ibid, *Grey Fairy Book*  
(A Bohemian Story)

Once upon a time there lived a king who had an only son whom he loved dearly. Now one day the king sent for his son and said to him:

'My dearest child, my hair is grey and I am old, and soon I shall feel no more the warmth of the sun, or look upon the trees and flowers. But before I die I should like to see you with a good wife; therefore marry, my son, as speedily as possible.'

'My father,' replied the prince, 'now and always, I ask nothing better than to do your bidding, but I know of no daughter-in-law that I could give you.'

On hearing these words the old king drew from his pocket a key of gold, and gave it to his son, saying:

'Go up the staircase, right up to the top of the tower. Look carefully round you, and then come and tell me which you like best of all that you see.'

So the young man went up. He had never before been in the tower, and had no idea what it might contain.

The staircase wound round and round and round, till the prince was almost giddy, and every now and then he caught sight of a large room that opened out from the side. But he had been told to go to the top, and to the top he went. Then he found himself in a hall, which had an iron door at one end. This door he unlocked with his golden key, and he passed through into a vast chamber which had a roof of blue sprinkled with golden stars, and a carpet of green silk soft as turf. Twelve windows framed in gold let in the light of the sun, and on every window was painted the figure of a young girl, each more beautiful than the last. While the prince gazed at them in surprise, not knowing which he liked best, the girls began to lift their eyes and smile at him. He waited, expecting them to speak, but no sound came.

Suddenly he noticed that one of the windows was covered by a curtain of white silk.

He lifted it, and saw before him the image of a maiden beautiful as the day and sad as the tomb, clothed in a white robe, having a girdle of silver and a crown of pearls. The prince stood and gazed at her, as if he had been turned into stone, but as he looked the sadness which, was on her face seemed to pass into his heart, and he cried out:

'This one shall be my wife. This one and no other.'

As he said the words the young girl blushed and hung her head, and all the other figures vanished.

The young prince went quickly back to his father, and told him all he had seen and which wife he had chosen. The old man listened to him full of sorrow, and then he spoke:

'You have done ill, my son, to search out that which was hidden, and you are running to meet a great danger. This young girl has fallen into the power of a wicked sorcerer, who lives in an iron castle. Many young men have tried to deliver her, and none have ever come back. But what is done is done! You have given your word, and it cannot be broken. Go, dare your fate, and return to me safe and sound.'

So the prince embraced his father, mounted his horse, and set forth to seek his bride. He rode on gaily for several hours, till he found

himself in a wood where he had never been before, and soon lost his way among its winding paths and deep valleys. He tried in vain to see where he was: the thick trees shut out the sun, and he could not tell which was north and which was south, so that he might know what direction to make for. He felt in despair, and had quite given up all hope of getting out of this horrible place, when he heard a voice calling to him.

'Hey! hey! stop a minute!'

The prince turned round and saw behind him a very tall man, running as fast as his legs would carry him.

'Wait for me,' he panted, 'and take me into your service. If you do, you will never be sorry.'

'Who are you?' asked the prince, 'and what can you do?'

'Long is my name, and I can lengthen my body at will. Do you see that nest up there on the top of that pine-tree? Well, I can get it for you without taking the trouble of climbing the tree,' and Long stretched himself up and up and up, till he was very soon as tall as the pine itself. He put the nest in his pocket, and before you could wink your eyelid he had made himself small again, and stood before the prince.

'Yes; you know your business,' said he, 'but birds' nests are no use to me. I am too old for them. Now if you were only able to get me out of this wood, you would indeed be good for something.'

'Oh, there's no difficulty about that,' replied Long, and he stretched himself up and up and up till he was three times as tall as the tallest tree in the forest. Then he looked all round and said, 'We must go in this direction in order to get out of the wood,' and shortening himself again, he took the prince's horse by the bridle, and led him along. Very soon they got clear of the forest, and saw before them a wide plain ending in a pile of high rocks, covered here and there with trees, and very much like the fortifications of a town.

As they left the wood behind, Long turned to the prince and said, 'My lord, here comes my comrade. You should take him into your service too, as you will find him a great help.'

'Well, call him then, so that I can see what sort of a man he is.'

'He is a little too far off for that,' replied Long. 'He would hardly hear my voice, and he couldn't be here for some time yet, as he has so much to carry. I think I had better go and bring him myself,' and this time he stretched himself to such a height that his head was lost in the

clouds. He made two or three strides, took his friend on his back, and set him down before the prince. The new-comer was a very fat man, and as round as a barrel.

'Who are you?' asked the prince, 'and what can you do?'

'Your worship, Broad is my name, and I can make myself as wide as I please.'

'Let me see how you manage it.'

'Run, my lord, as fast as you can, and hide yourself in the wood,' cried Broad, and he began to swell himself out.

The prince did not understand why he should run to the wood, but when he saw Long flying towards it, he thought he had better follow his example. He was only just in time, for Broad had so suddenly inflated himself that he very nearly knocked over the prince and his horse too. He covered all the space for acres round. You would have thought he was a mountain!

At length Broad ceased to expand, drew a deep breath that made the whole forest tremble, and shrank into his usual size.

'You have made me run away,' said the prince. 'But it is not every day one meets with a man of your sort. I will take you into my service.'

So the three companions continued their journey, and when they were drawing near the rocks they met a man whose eyes were covered by a bandage.

'Your excellency,' said Long, 'this is our third comrade. You will do well to take him into your service, and, I assure you, you will find him worth his salt.'

'Who are you?' asked the prince. 'And why are your eyes bandaged? You can never see your way!'

'It is just the contrary, my lord! It is because I see only too well that I am forced to bandage my eyes. Even so I see as well as people who have no bandage. When I take it off my eyes pierce through everything. Everything I look at catches fire, or, if it cannot catch fire, it falls into a thousand pieces. They call me Quickeye.'

And so saying he took off his bandage and turned towards the rock. As he fixed his eyes upon it a crack was heard, and in a few moments it was nothing but a heap of sand. In the sand something might be detected



glittering brightly. Quickeye picked it up and brought it to the prince. It turned out to be a lump of pure gold.

'You are a wonderful creature,' said the prince, 'and I should be a fool not to take you into my service. But since your eyes are so good, tell me if I am very far from the Iron Castle, and what is happening there just now.'

'If you were travelling alone,' replied Quickeye, 'it would take you at least a year to get to it; but as we are with you, we shall arrive there to-night. Just now they are preparing supper.'

'There is a princess in the castle. Do you see her?'

'A wizard keeps her in a high tower, guarded by iron bars.'

'Ah, help me to deliver her!' cried the prince.

And they promised they would.

Then they all set out through the grey rocks, by the breach made by the eyes of Quickeye, and passed over great mountains and through deep woods. And every time they met with any obstacle the three friends contrived somehow to put it aside. As the sun was setting, the prince beheld the towers of the Iron Castle, and before it sank beneath the horizon he was crossing the iron bridge which led to the gates. He was only just in time, for no sooner had the sun disappeared altogether, than the bridge drew itself up and the gates shut themselves.

There was no turning back now!

The prince put up his horse in the stable, where everything looked as if a guest was expected, and then the whole party marched straight up to the castle. In the court, in the stables, and all over the great halls, they saw a number of men richly dressed, but every one turned into stone. They crossed an endless set of rooms, all opening into each other, till they reached the dining-hall. It was brilliantly lighted; the table was covered with wine and fruit, and was laid for four. They waited a few minutes expecting someone to come, but as nobody did, they sat down and began to eat and drink, for they were very hungry.

When they had done their supper they looked about for some place to sleep. But suddenly the door burst open, and the wizard entered the hall. He was old and hump-backed, with a bald head and a grey beard that fell to his knees. He wore a black robe, and instead of a belt three iron circlets clasped his waist. He led by the hand a lady of wonderful beauty, dressed in white, with a girdle of silver and a crown of pearls,

but her face was pale and sad as death itself.

The prince knew her in an instant, and moved eagerly forward; but the wizard gave him no time to speak, and said:

'I know why you are here. Very good; you may have her if for three nights following you can prevent her making her escape. If you fail in this, you and your servants will all be turned into stone, like those who have come before you.' And offering the princess a chair, he left the hall.

The prince could not take his eyes from the princess, she was so lovely! He began to talk to her, but she neither answered nor smiled, and sat as if she were made of marble. He seated himself by her, and determined not to close his eyes that night, for fear she should escape him. And in order that she should be doubly guarded, Long stretched himself like a strap all round the room, Broad took his stand by the door and puffed himself out, so that not even a mouse could slip by, and Quickeye leant against a pillar which stood in the middle of the floor and supported the roof. But in half a second they were all sound asleep, and they slept sound the whole night long.

In the morning, at the first peep of dawn, the prince awoke with a start. But the princess was gone. He aroused his servants and implored them to tell him what he must do.

'Calm yourself, my lord,' said Quickeye. 'I have found her already. A hundred miles from here there is a forest. In the middle of the forest, an old oak, and on the top of the oak, an acorn. This acorn is the princess. If Long will take me on his shoulders, we shall soon bring her back.' And sure enough, in less time than it takes to walk round a cottage, they had returned from the forest, and Long presented the acorn to the prince.

'Now, your excellency, throw it on the ground.'

The prince obeyed, and was enchanted to see the princess appear at his side. But when the sun peeped for the first time over the mountains, the door burst open as before, and the wizard entered with a loud laugh. Suddenly he caught sight of the princess; his face darkened, he uttered a low growl, and one of the iron circlets gave way with a crash. He seized the young girl by the hand and bore her away with him.

All that day the prince wandered about the castle, studying the curious treasures it contained, but everything looked as if life had suddenly come to a standstill. In one place he saw a prince who had been turned into stone in the act of brandishing a sword round which his two hands

were clasped. In another, the same doom had fallen upon a knight in the act of running away. In a third, a serving man was standing eternally trying to convey a piece of beef to his mouth, and all around them were others, still preserving for evermore the attitudes they were in when the wizard had commanded 'From henceforth be turned into marble.' In the castle, and round the castle all was dismal and desolate. Trees there were, but without leaves; fields there were, but no grass grew on them. There was one river, but it never flowed and no fish lived in it. No flowers blossomed, and no birds sang.

Three times during the day food appeared, as if by magic, for the prince and his servants. And it was not until supper was ended that the wizard appeared, as on the previous evening, and delivered the princess into the care of the prince.

All four determined that this time they would keep awake at any cost. But it was no use. Off they went as they had done before, and when the prince awoke the next morning the room was again empty.

With a pang of shame, he rushed to find Quickeye. 'Awake! Awake! Quickeye! Do you know what has become of the princess?'

Quickeye rubbed his eyes and answered: 'Yes, I see her. Two hundred miles from here there is a mountain. In this mountain is a rock. In the rock, a precious stone. This stone is the princess. Long shall take me there, and we will be back before you can turn round.'

So Long took him on his shoulders and they set out. At every stride they covered twenty miles, and as they drew near Quickeye fixed his burning eyes on the mountain; in an instant it split into a thousand pieces, and in one of these sparkled the precious stone. They picked it up and brought it to the prince, who flung it hastily down, and as the stone touched the floor the princess stood before him. When the wizard came, his eyes shot forth flames of fury. Cric-crac was heard, and another of his iron bands broke and fell. He seized the princess by the hand and led her off, growling louder than ever.

All that day things went on exactly as they had done the day before. After supper the wizard brought back the princess, and looking him straight in the eyes he said, 'We shall see which of us two will gain the prize after all!'

That night they struggled their very hardest to keep awake, and even walked about instead of sitting down. But it was quite useless. One after another they had to give in, and for the third time the princess slipped through their fingers.

When morning came, it was as usual the prince who awoke the first, and as usual, the princess being gone, he rushed to Quickeye.

'Get up, get up, Quickeye, and tell me where is the princess?'

Quickeye looked about for some time without answering. 'Oh, my lord, she is far, very far. Three hundred miles away there lies a black sea. In the middle of this sea there is a little shell, and in the middle of the shell is fixed a gold ring. That gold ring is the princess. But do not vex your soul; we will get her. Only to-day, Long must take Broad with him. He will be wanted badly.'

So Long took Quickeye on one shoulder, and Broad on the other, and they set out. At each stride they left thirty miles behind them. When they reached the black sea, Quickeye showed them the spot where they must seek the shell. But though Long stretched down his hand as far as it would go, he could not find the shell, for it lay at the bottom of the sea.

'Wait a moment, comrades, it will be all right. I will help you,' said Broad.

Then he swelled himself out so that you would have thought the world could hardly have held him, and stooping down he drank. He drank so much at every mouthful, that only a minute or so passed before the water had sunk enough for Long to put his hand to the bottom. He soon found the shell, and pulled the ring out. But time had been lost, and Long had a double burden to carry. The dawn was breaking fast before they got back to the castle, where the prince was waiting for them in an agony of fear.

Soon the first rays of the sun were seen peeping over the tops of the mountains. The door burst open, and finding the prince standing alone the wizard broke into peals of wicked laughter. But as he laughed a loud crash was heard, the window fell into a thousand pieces, a gold ring glittered in the air, and the princess stood before the enchanter. For Quickeye, who was watching from afar, had told Long of the terrible danger now threatening the prince, and Long, summoning all his strength for one gigantic effort, had thrown the ring right through the window.

The wizard shrieked and howled with rage, till the whole castle trembled to its foundations. Then a crash was heard, the third band split in two, and a crow flew out of the window.

Then the princess at length broke the enchanted silence, and blushing like a rose, gave the prince her thanks for her unlooked-for deliverance.

But it was not only the princess who was restored to life by the flight of the wicked black crow. The marble figures became men once more, and took up their occupations just as they had left them off. The horses neighed in the stables, the flowers blossomed in the garden, the birds flew in the air, the fish darted in the water. Everywhere you looked, all was life, all was joy!

And the knights who had been turned into stone came in a body to offer their homage to the prince who had set them free.

'Do not thank me,' he said, 'for I have done nothing. Without my faithful servants, Long, Broad, and Quickeye, I should even have been as one of you.'

With these words he bade them farewell, and departed with the princess and his faithful companions for the kingdom of his father.

The old king, who had long since given up all hope, wept for joy at the sight of his son, and insisted that the wedding should take place as soon as possible.

All the knights who had been enchanted in the Iron Castle were invited to the ceremony, and after it had taken place, Long, Broad, and Quickeye took leave of the young couple, saying that they were going to look for more work.

The prince offered them all their hearts could desire if they would only remain with him, but they replied that an idle life would not please them, and that they could never be happy unless they were busy, so they went away to seek their fortunes, and for all I know are seeking still.

[Contes populaires. Traduits par Louis Leroux. Paris: Leroux, éditeur.]

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## **QUAGGA.**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *An Alphabet of Quadrupeds*, by Anonymous

This animal is somewhat like the horse, but most like the zebra, as you may see by comparing the two together. It is found in the southern parts of Africa, living mostly in the plains in large herds. It is not so large or so beautiful as the zebra. Its skin is of a dull brownish white, striped with darker color on the head and neck, and somewhat on

the sides of its body; the upper parts of its legs are greyish, and the under parts white. It is a wild creature, and rather vicious in temper. It is made to draw by the natives of the country where it is found, and its flesh is eaten by them.

The quagga differs from the zebra in his stripes. You may see by the figure of the zebra, below, that he is striped all over his body and limbs, while the quagga has stripes only on the head and the fore part of the body.

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## Quetzalcoatl (The Shining Snake)

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Mexico*, by Susan Hale

Quetzalcoatl is sometimes described as one of the four principal gods who shared with the terrible Huitzilopochtli the work of the first creation. Elsewhere he is represented as a man who came to live among the Toltecs, and who disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Between the two accounts of him, then, is every shade of matter-of-fact and miraculous in the tales that are preserved of him. One, shown in an ancient painted writing, now lost, depicted him a youth, fasting seven years alone among the hills, and drawing his blood, because the gods made of him a great warrior, showed how he became chief of Tula, selected by the inhabitants on account of his bravery, and how he built them a great temple. "While he was doing this, Tezcatlipoca came to him, and said that towards Honduras, in a place called Tlapalla, he was to establish his home, and that he must leave Tula and go thither to live and die, and there he should be held to be a god. To this he replied that the heavens and the stars had told him to go within four years. So, after four years were past, he left, taking along with him all the able-bodied men of Tula. Some of these he left in the City of Cholula, and from those the inhabitants are descended. Reaching Tlapalla, he fell sick the same day, and died the following one. Tula remained waste and without a chief nine years."

A legend adds that "his ashes were carried to heaven by handsome birds; the heart followed, and became the morning star."

[Illustration: QUETZALCOATL.]

Baudelier concludes him to have been a prominent gifted Indian leader, perhaps of Toltec origin, perhaps Olmec. He suggests that his career began in the present state of Hidalgo, in which are the ruins of ancient

Tula, and that his first stay was there, after which he left that people and moved farther south, and settled at Cholula; perhaps founding there the first settlement, perhaps elevating the tone of the village Indians already settled there. The beneficial effects of the coming of Quetzalcoatl were the introduction, or improvement, of the arts of pottery, weaving, stonework, and feather-work; the organization of government of a higher type, and the introduction of a mode of worship free from human sacrifice. Perhaps his aversion to this bloody custom made him withdraw to the mythical Tlapalla, a place on no map and only known to tradition, which puts it on the sea-coast, and generally on the Gulf of Mexico.

The mystery of his departure and death led to his deification, and the worship of his person became the leading feature of the religion at Cholula.

It is likely that The Shining Serpent developed, if he did not originate, many of the gentle and graceful forms of worship, which still have a great part of the religion of the simple Indians of Mexico, of sacrificing the fruits and flowers of each season to its appropriate divinity and festival.

In Holy Week, now, in the city of Mexico, the shores of the canal leading to the town are decorated with flowers. Native boats float over the water heaped with bright blossoms, and the dark heads of the Indian girls are crowned with wreaths of poppies. They bring these blossoms in masses to decorate the altars of Nuestra Señora in the churches. Her image is the symbol of their divinity transferred from the earlier idols their remote ancestors worshipped.

In the National Museum in Mexico is an image in the form of a coiled serpent in pyramidal form--its body covered with feathers--carved of basaltic porphyry. This model, which appears in many of the old monuments, is regarded as the symbol of the mysterious Shining Serpent.

Whatever were his serious claims to distinction, his worshippers invested him with wonderful attributes. His sojourn in their land marked its most prosperous period. In his time the seasons were the fairest, the earth the most productive. Flowers blossomed, fruits ripened without the toil of the gardener. The cotton in its pod turned blue, red, or yellow without the trouble of the dyer, so that the fabrics lightly woven and without fatigue took on rich and harmonious tints. The air was continually filled with perfumes and the songs of sweet birds. Every man loved his neighbor, and all dwelt in peace and harmony together. These were the halcyon days of Anahuac. For twenty years the Toltecs knew no disaster, but flourished and spread under the influence of their strange protector. And then, one day the strange god disappeared from among

them, descending to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, where he bade farewell to the crowd that had followed him, promising, as he did so, that in the fulness of time his descendants, white men like himself, with full beards, should return and instruct them. Then he stepped into a magic bark made of the skins of serpents, and sailed away over an ocean unknown to these simple men towards the fabled land of Tlapalla.

So Lohengrin vanished to the upper air, and as with those he left behind, all their good luck was over for the Toltecs.

They did their best to preserve the memory of Quetzalcoatl. On the top of the pyramid of Cholula, which perhaps their fathers found standing when they reached the haven of their pilgrimage, the Toltecs raised an image of their deity, with features of ebony, although he was white; with a mitre on its head waving with plumes of fire; with a resplendent collar of gold around its neck, turquoise ear-rings, a sceptre all jewelled in one hand, and in the other a strange shield. Such is the description of the Conquistadores, who saw it; and as they destroyed it, and tumbled it down from its lofty site, they should know.

Evil days were coming to the Toltecs.

The traveller in Mexico to-day sees growing all along the sides of the railway huge stiff bunches of the \_Agave Americana\_. The leaves are long and pointed with prickles along the edge, growing in a tuft like huge artichokes. Their blue, rather than green, surface has a whitish bloom over it, which makes the plants look as if they had been made of tin and painted some time ago. Sometimes the leaves are very large, and the bunches enormous. When the time comes a stem shoots up from the heart of the tuft to a great height, putting out branches at the top, which blossom in a cluster of yellowish flowers. These branches are symmetrical, and the effect is like a lofty branched candlestick, sometimes forty feet high. The blossoms fade; the dying stalk, like the framework of last year's fireworks, remains a long time; and when these plants, as they often are, are set along the railways, the line of tall bare stems looks not unlike a row of telegraph poles. The blue tin leaves are ever green, and last through many a year.

This agave, or American aloe, is the century-plant, so called from the popular error that it blossoms only once in a hundred years. It is only true so far that each plant blossoms only once and then dies. In tropical regions this process proceeds rapidly; in colder countries, where it is raised artificially, it takes a long time to complete its perfect growth.

The agave is native in the whole region between the tropics of America, where it flourishes from the sandy soil by the sea to table-lands and



mountain altitudes. From its natural region it has been transplanted everywhere, and even in cold climates it is cultivated as a green-house plant. In Spain, where it was early transplanted, among the other novelties which the Conquistadores introduced from their new land, it is absolutely at home. Its lofty candelabra are an ornament to Andalusian roadsides, and a barrier for wandering cattle. In Spain it is called \_pita\_, which must be a different variety, if not a totally distinct genus from the common plant of Mexico, for the use of its juices for a beverage is totally unknown in the old country, and this certainly would have been discovered there if such properties had not been wanting in the Spanish plant.

For the agave of the Mexicans is their \_maguey\_, from which they extract pulque, the national beverage. The agave has served them for many other purposes, from the earliest times. Its bruised leaves, properly dressed and polished, make a sort of paper; its leaves furnish a strong protecting thatch for the roofs of houses; thread can be drawn from its long fibrous texture; the thorns furnish a fair substitute for the pin and needle; and the root, well prepared, is nutritious and palatable as food.

Of all these properties of the agave the Toltecs were cognizant. If their wise friend, The Shining Serpent, knew of other attributes it had, he kept silent. It was reserved for a woman to reveal to her race the fatal gift which lay hidden in the blue-green stubborn leaves of the prickly plant.

Xochitl was the name of the woman who showed to the king, Tecpancaltzin, how to extract from the heart of the maguey a sweet honey to drink, which, from that time to this, has been the delight and the curse of Mexicans. The plains of Apan are celebrated for the production of the finest pulque, in itself a thoroughly wholesome drink, suited to the climate of high regions, and beneficial when taken in moderation. From the root of the maguey, however, strong distilled liquors can be made, called \_mezcal\_ and \_tequila\_, and of these it is best not to drink too much.

The new beverage found favor with the chief of the Toltec tribe, and spread its cheerful influence over his people. He married Xochitl, the woman who had offered him honey extracted from maguey.

The result of this discovery, and the consequence of the marriage, were ruin and dispersion for the proud race of the Toltecs. Meconetzin, (Son of Maguey) ruled at first with prudence and practical wisdom, but his habits deteriorated little by little; he became vicious, and revealed himself to be an insupportable tyrant. The honey in the maguey had begun to ferment.

The Toltecs thenceforth deteriorated in the most disastrous manner. Famines and pests fell upon the land, and invasions of strange peoples. The population was thinned, harried, scattered. Its last chieftain was Topiltzin-Meconetzin (Son of Maguey), who, with his wife, Xochitl, was slain in a sanguinary battle against overpowering enemies. And this was the end of the Toltecs. This may have been in the year 1116 of our era, after a duration of about five hundred and fifty years.

Some historians consider that the Toltecs were not a great race, but simply a tribe of sedentary Indians, more advanced than their neighbors, whose traditions have become with time exaggerated into the tale of a great and powerful nation. How this may be, the tourist at Tula may judge, according to his disposition, romantic or prosaic, by the importance of the ruins left by the vanished race.

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**Q** Definitions from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* by Captain Grose et al.

**QUACK.** An ungraduated ignorant pretender to skill in physick, a vender of nostrums.

**QUACK-SALVER.** A mountebank: a seller of salves.

**QUACKING CHEAT.** A duck.

**QUAG.** Abbreviation of quagmire; marshy moorish around.

**QUAIL-PIPE.** A woman's tongue; also a device to take birds of that name by imitating their call. Quail pipe boots; boots resembling a quail pipe, from the number of plaits; they were much worn in the reign of Charles II.

**QUAKERS.** A religious sect so called from their agitations in preaching.

**QUAKING CHEAT.** A calf or sheep.

**QUANDARY.** To be in a quandary: to be puzzled. Also one so over-gorged, as to be doubtful which he should do first, sh--e or spew. Some derive the term quandary from the French phrase *qu'en dirai je?* what shall I say of it? others from an Italian word signifying a conjuror's circle.

QUARREL-PICKER. A glazier: from the small squares in casements, called CARREUX, vulgarly quarrels.

QUARROMES, or QUARRON. A body. CANT.

QUARTERED. Divided into four parts; to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, is the sentence on traitors and rebels.

Persons receiving part of the salary of an office from the holder of it, by virtue of an agreement with the donor, are said to be quartered on him. Soldiers billeted on a publican are likewise said to be quartered on him.

TO QUASH. To suppress, annul or overthrow; vulgarly pronounced squash: they squashed the indictment.

QUEAN. A slut, or worthless woman, a strumpet.

QUEEN DICK. To the tune of the life and death of Queen Dick. That happened in the reign of Queen Dick; i.e., never.

QUEEN STREET. A mart governed by his wife, is said to live in Queen street, or at the sign of the Queen's Head.

QUEER, or QUIRE. Base, roguish, bad, naught or worthless.

How queerly the cull touts; how roguishly the fellow looks. It also means odd, uncommon. CANT.

QUEER AS DICK'S HATBAND. Out of order, without knowing one's disease.

TO QUEER. To puzzle or confound. I have queered the old full bottom; i.e. I have puzzled the judge. To queer one's ogles among bruisers; to darken one's day lights.

QUEER WEDGES. Large buckles.

QUEER BAIL. Insolvent sharpers, who make a profession of bailing persons arrested: they are generally styled Jew bail, from that branch of business being chiefly carried on by the sons of Judah. The lowest sort of these, who borrow or hire clothes to appear in, are called Mounters, from their mounting particular dresses suitable to the occasion. CANT.

QUEER BIRDS. Rogues relieved from prison, and returned

to their old trade.

QUEER BIT-MAKERS. Coiners. CANT.

QUEER BITCH. An odd, out-of-the-way fellow.

QUEER BLUFFER. The master of a public-house the resort of rogues and sharpers, a cut-throat inn or alehouse keeper.

QUEER BUNG. An empty purse.

QUEER CHECKERS. Among strolling players, door-keepers who defraud the company, by falsely checking the number of people in the house.

QUEER COLE FENCER. A putter off, or utterer, of bad money.

QUEER COLE MAKER. A maker of bad money.

QUEER COVE. A rogue. CANT.

QUEER CUFFIN. A justice of the peace; also a churl.

QUEER DEGEN. An ordinary sword, brass or iron hilted.

QUEER KEN. A prison. CANT.

QUEER KICKS. A bad pair of breeches.

QUEER MORT. A diseased strumpet. CANT.

QUEER NAB. A felt hat, or other bad hat.

QUEER PLUNGERS. Cheats who throw themselves into the water, in order that they may be taken up by their accomplices, who carry them to one of the houses appointed by the Humane Society for the recovery of drowned persons, where they are rewarded by the society with a guinea each; and the supposed drowned persons, pretending he was driven to that extremity by great necessity, also frequently sent away with a contribution in his pocket.

QUEER PRANCER. A bad, worn-out, foundered horse; also a cowardly or faint-hearted horse-stealer.

QUEER ROOSTER. An informer that pretends to be sleeping, and thereby overhears the conversation of thieves in night cellars.

QUEER STREET. Wrong. Improper. Contrary to one's wish. It is queer street, a cant phrase, to signify that it is wrong or different to our wish.

QUITAM. Aquitam horse; one that will both carry and draw. LAW WIT.

TO QUIBBLE. To make subtle distinctions; also to play upon words.

QUICK AND NIMBLE. More like a bear than a squirrel. Jeeringly said to any one moving sluggishly on a business or errand that requires dispatch.

QUID. The quantity of tobacco put into the mouth at one time. To quid tobacco; to chew tobacco. Quid est hoc? hoc est quid; a guinea. Half a quid; half a guinea. The swell tipped me fifty quid for the prad; the gentleman gave fifty pounds for the horse.

QUIDS. Cash, money. Can you tip me any quids? can you lend me some money?

QUIFFING. Rogering. See TO ROGER.

QUIDNUNC. A politician: from a character of that name in the farce of the Upholsterer.

QUILL DRIVER. A clerk, scribe, or hackney writer.

QUIM. The private parts of a woman: perhaps from the Spanish quemar, to burn. (CAMBRIDGE) A piece's furbelow.

QUINSEY. Choked by a hempen quinsey; hanged.

QUIPPS. Girds, taunts, jests.

QUIRE, or CHOIR BIRD. A complete rogue, one that has sung in different choirs or cages, i.e. gaols. CANT.

QUIRKS AND QUILLETTS. Tricks and devices. Quirks in law; subtle distinctions and evasions.

QUIZ. A strange-looking fellow, an odd dog. OXFORD.

QUOD. Newgate, or any other prison. The dab's in quod;  
the poor rogue is in prison.

QUOTA. Snack, share, part, proportion, or dividend. Tip  
me my quota; give me part of the winnings, booty, or  
plunder. CANT.

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**Q** Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Complete Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms*, by Samuel Fallows  
1898

KEY: Quash.

SYN: Crush, extinguish, overthrow, annihilate, annul, nullify,  
suppress, cancel, vacate.

ANT: Sap, undermine, disorganize, decompose.

=

KEY: Quaver \v.\, [See PLEASURE].

=

KEY: Queer.

SYN: Odd, whimsical, quaint, cross, strange, crochety, singular,  
eccentric.

ANT: Ordinary, common, usual, familiar, customary.

=

KEY: Quell.

SYN: Extinguish, destroy, crush, reduce, allay, stifle, quiet, pacify,  
quench, repress, suppress, calm, put\_out, subdue, quench, overpower.

ANT: Foster, excite, fan, aggravate, stir, irritate, disturb, raise,  
inflame.

=

KEY: Quench, [See QUELL].

=

KEY: Querlmonlous.

SYN: Malcontent, dissatisfied, opposititious, litigious.

ANT: Contented, satisfied, complacent, amenable, conformable.

=

KEY: Querulous.

SYN: Quarrelsome, complaining, fretful, repining, discontented,  
dissatisfied, chiding, murmuring, whining, peevish, fastidious,  
irritable.

ANT: Easy, uncomplaining, satisfied, contented, submissive, genial, complacent, cheerful, good-tempered.

=

KEY: Query.

SYN: Question, interrogation, inquiry.

ANT: Answer.

=

KEY: Question \v.\.

SYN: Ask, inquire, interrogate, doubt, investigate, dubitate, controvert, dispute.

ANT: Dictate, state, assert, pronounce, enunciate, concede, endorse, affirm, grant, allow.

=

KEY: Question \n.\.

SYN: Inquiry, interrogation, doubt, scrutiny, investigation, topic.

ANT: Reply, response, solution, answer, explanation, admission, concession.

=

KEY: Questionable.

SYN: Doubtful, dubious, problematical, disputable, debatable, uncertain, suspicious.

ANT: Certain, evident, self-evident, obvious, indisputable.

=

KEY: Quibble \v.\.

SYN: Shuffle, evade, trifle, cavil, equivocate, prevaricate.

ANT: Reason, argue, enunciate, investigate, discuss.

=

KEY: Quick.

SYN: Fast, rapid, speedy, expeditious, swift, hasty, prompt, ready, clever, sharp, shrewd, adroit, keen, fleet, active, brisk, nimble, lively, agile, alert, sprightly, transient, intelligent, irascible.

ANT: Slow, tardy, sluggish, inert, inactive, dull, insensitive.

=

KEY: Quicken.

SYN: Accelerate, animate, revive, reinvigorate, resuscitate, vivify, stimulate, hurry, hasten, urge, excite, promote, expedite.

ANT: Retard, delay, encumber, clog, drag, detain, discourage, allay.

=

KEY: Quickness.

SYN: Liveliness, velocity, speed, swiftness, celerity, fleetness, haste.

ANT: Slowness, tardiness, dilatoriness.

=

KEY: Quiescence.

SYN: Repose, rest, quiet, quietude, dormancy, tranquillity, silence, stillness, {[AcTrvrrr]}.

=

KEY: Quiet \n.\.

SYN: Rest, repose, stillness, calm, appeasement, pacification, silence, peace.

ANT: Unrest, motion, noise, agitation, excitement, disturbance, turmoil, tumult.

=

KEY: Quiet \v.\.

SYN: Allay, appease, still, pacify, hush, lull, tranquillize, soothe, calm.

ANT: Rouse, excite, disturb, agitate, stir, urge, goad.

=

KEY: Quit.

SYN: Leave, resign, abandon, relinquish, discharge, release, surrender, give\_up, depart\_from, forsake.

ANT: Seek, occupy, invade, bind, enforce, haunt, enter.

=

KEY: Quite.

SYN: Perfectly, entirely, completely, wholly, truly, altogether, totally.

ANT: Partially, imperfectly, barely, insufficiently, hardly.

=

KEY: Quittance.

SYN: Discharge, absolution, remission, release.

ANT: Distraint, exaction, bond, debt, obligation.

=

KEY: Quiver.

SYN: Shake, shiver, vibrate, tremble, quake, [See PLEASURE].

=

KEY: Quote.

SYN: Cite, name, adduce, plead, allege, note, repeat.

ANT: Disprove, refute, retort, oppose, contradict, traverse, misquote, misadduce, rebut.

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**Q** Entries from Project Gutenberg's *A Desk-Book of Errors in English*, by Frank H. Vizetelly  
1920

~quantity~ is properly applied to that which is measurable, as is  
number to that which may be counted. A \_quantity\_ of people ; a  
\_quantity\_ of birds, are both incorrect; substitute the word \_number\_  
in both cases.

~quarter of~: As applied to time this is incorrect. Such an ambiguity



can be avoided by substituting \_to\_ for \_of\_. For example, a quarter of seven is one and three-fourths not a quarter \_to\_ the hour of seven; yet the phrase quarter of is often misapplied to time by persons of average education.

~quit~ is sometimes used incorrectly for ~cease~. You may \_quit\_ business, but do not ask your companion to \_quit\_ fooling.

~quite~: In general \_quite\_ means to the fullest extent, totally, perfectly ; colloquially, it means very, considerably. It is from the French \_quitte\_, meaning discharged, being the equivalent of the English quits, a word used in games to designate when the players are even with one another. Therefore such a phrase as quite a number is unjustifiable. Number is indefinite in its significance just as are also few, little, and some. As Richard Grant White says, A cup or a theater may be \_quite\_ full; and there may be \_quite\_ a pint in a cup or \_quite\_ a thousand people in the theater; and neither may be \_quite\_ full. Yet Thomas Hughes, author of Tom Brown's Schooldays, wrote in a letter concerning an intercollegiate boat-race \_quite\_ a number of young Americans. The local colloquialism quite some is wholly indefensible.

~quite so~: An undesirable locution, common in England and to some extent in America, and used to signify assent, which should be avoided. He jabbars like an idiot. \_Quite so, quite so.\_

~quite the lady~: A vulgarism for very ladylike.

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## Q Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sign Talk*, by Ernest Thompson Seaton

=Quandary=, =In a fix=, =Run against=, or =Up against it=. Hold out the curved left hand nearly at arm's length, back forward; push the ditto right from near the breast right out briskly and hard against the left. Sometimes use \_Against\_. Compare \_Approach\_, which is similar, but is slow, and right does not touch; also, \_Print\_, which pushes and is repeated.

Fr. \_l'embarras\_ ; Ger. \_die Verlegenheit\_.

=Quarter= (But one of four). Hold up the left 4 hand, back out; then with the right G turn the little finger down on the palm. Sometimes sign \_Half\_, then again half of the tip portion.

Fr. \_le quart\_; Ger. \_das Viertel\_.

[Illustration]

=Quarrel= (Two persons springing at each other). Hold up both G hands and alternately jerk left at right and right at left.

Fr. \_la querelle\_; Ger. \_der Streit\_.

=Quench.= \_Fire\_ and \_Wipe out\_.

Fr. \_œindre\_; Ger. \_l schen\_.

[Illustration]

=Question=, =Query=, =Interrogation=, =I am asking you a question=, =I want to know=, usually equivalent to Is that you? (Groping or uncertain.) Hold up the right hand toward the person, palm down and forward, fingers and thumb open, spread, but a little curved; by wrist action, swing the hand in small vertical semicircles. The diagram below the illustration indicates the finger tips seen from in front. The motion shown for the little finger is, of course, shared by all. This is a very important and much-used sign; it appears before all questions.

If the person is quite distant, hold the hand higher, more spread, and wave it several times to right and left.

When very near, merely raise the eyebrows. For long distance, raise both arms like Y with hands flat and waved a little. (Crow.) See \_Consider\_.

Fr. \_l interrogation\_; Ger. \_die Frage\_.

The following are needed in asking questions:

=How?= Sign \_Question\_ and \_Work\_ and \_Way\_.

Fr. \_comment?\_; Ger. \_wie?\_

[Illustration]

=How many?= or =How much?= Sign \_Question\_; next hold the left hand open, curved, palm up, fingers spread; then with right G digit, quickly tap each finger on left in succession, closing it back toward the left palm, beginning with the little finger.

Fr. \_combien?\_; Ger. \_wie viele?\_

[Illustration]

=What?= (As in What are you doing? What is it? ) Sign \_Question\_; follow with the same sign much exaggerated; that is, with the arm action, swing the right hand, palm under, fingers slightly bent and separated and pointing forward, in an arc of about a foot from right over to left and back once or twice. The Cheyennes in general use this, though they denied it when questioned. But it seems a good logical sign, the large arc being equivalent to object.

Fr. \_quoi?\_ \_que?\_; Ger. \_was?\_

[Illustration]

=When?= If seeking a definite answer as to length of time, make signs for \_Question\_, \_How many?\_ and then specify time by sign for hours, days, etc. If asking in general \_When?\_ sign \_Question\_ and \_Time\_.

=When?= If asking for an exact date or point hold up the left G, make a circle around its tip with right G, which always points at it. On reaching the starting point, the right G stops, touches the tip of left G. (Sioux, given by Sheeaka.) This probably represents the shadow going around the tree. See \_Time\_.

Fr. \_quand?\_; Ger. \_wann?\_

=Whence?= Strike to left with right G, back up, then over to right a foot away, then back and again; point to the person and sign \_Come\_. Usually it needs no \_Question\_.

Fr. \_d'où?\_; Ger. \_woher?\_

[Illustration]

=Where?= or =Whither?= (What direction?). Sign \_Question\_; then with forefinger sweep the horizon in a succession of bounds, a slight pause at the bottom of each, the head following the finger. (Sioux and Arapahoe.) The actual line of the finger is illustrated in the lower plan, the hand being gracefully rotated on the wrist in doing it. Or sign \_Question\_ and \_Somewhere\_.

=Where?= Sign \_Question\_ and \_Look\_.

=Where?= (In an abstract sense). Extend the open hands, palm up, from the sides out low to the front, and swing them from side to side with a look of inquiry on the face. (Pop.)

Fr. \_oø?\_; Ger. \_wo?\_ \_wohin?\_

[Illustration]

=Which?= (When the objects are in sight). Sign \_Question\_ and point with right G in three or four directions, downward or toward the objects in question.

[Illustration]

=Which?= (When the objects are not in sight). Sign \_Question\_; then hold left hand in front of you, with palm toward you, fingers to right and held apart; place the end of the right forefinger on that of the left forefinger and then draw it down across the other fingers.

Fr. \_quel\_, \_lequel?\_; Ger. \_welcher?\_

=Whither?= Sign \_Question\_ and \_Go\_, in two or three directions.

Fr. \_oø?\_; Ger. \_wohin?\_

=Who?= Sign \_Question\_ and \_Man\_.

Fr. \_qui?\_; Ger. \_wer?\_

=Why?= Sign \_Question\_, but do it very slowly. (C)

=Why?= Sign \_Question\_ and \_Want\_.

Fr. \_pourquoi?\_; Ger. \_warum?\_

=Quick.= See \_Fast\_ and \_Hurry\_.

[Illustration]

=Quiet, be=, =Be not alarmed=, =Have patience=. The palm of the flat hand held toward the person and gently depressed once or twice. See \_Easy\_.

Fr. \_soyez tranquille\_; Ger. \_beruhigen Sie sich\_.

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**Q** entries from Project Gutenberg's *The Nuttall Encyclopaedia*, by Edited by Rev. James Wood

QUAIR, an old Scotch name for a book.

QUAKERS, the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (q. v.), so called first by Justice Bennet of Derby, because Fox bade him quake before the Lord.

QUARANTINE, the prescribed time, generally 40 days (hence the name), of non-intercourse with the shore for a ship suspected of infection, latterly enforced, and that very strictly, in the cases of infection with yellow fever or plague; since November 1896, the system of quarantine as regards the British Islands has ceased to exist.

QUARTER DAYS, in England and Ireland Lady Day, 25th March; Midsummer Day, 24th June; Michaelmas Day, 29th September; and Christmas Day, 25th December; while in Scotland the legal terms are Whitsunday, 15th May, and Martinmas, 11th November, though the Whitsunday term is now changed to the 28th May.

QUARTER-DECK, the part of a ship abaft the main-mast, or between the main and mizzen, where there is a poop.

QUARTER-SESSIONS, a court held every quarter by justices of the peace in the several divisions of a county to try offences against the peace.

QUARTER-STAFF, strong wooden staff 6½ft. long, shod with iron, grasped in the middle; formerly used in England for attack and defence.

QUARTERLY REVIEW, a review started by John Murray, the celebrated London publisher, in February 1809, in rivalry with the *Edinburgh*, which had been seven years in possession of the field, and was exerting, as he judged, an evil influence on public opinion; in this enterprise he was seconded by Southey and Scott, the more cordially that the *Edinburgh* had given offence to the latter by its criticism of "Marmion." It was founded in the Tory interest for the defence of Church and State, and it had Gifford for its first editor, while the

contributors included, besides Southey and Scott, all the ablest literary celebrities on the Tory side, of which the most zealous and frequent was John Wilson Croker.

QUARTERMASTER, in the army an officer whose duty it is to look after the quarters, clothing, rations, stores, ammunition, &c., of the regiment, and in the navy a petty officer who has to see to the stowage, steerage, soundings, &c., of the ship.

QUARTETTE, a musical piece in four parts, or for four voices or instruments.

QUARTO, a book having the sheet folded into four leaves.

QUASIMODO SUNDAY, the first Sunday after Easter.

QUASS, a beer made in Russia from rye grain, employed as vinegar when sour.

QUATRE-BRAS (i. e. four arms), a village 10 m. SE. of Waterloo, where the roads from Brussels to Charleroi and from Nivelles to Namur intersect: was the scene of an obstinate conflict between the English under Wellington and the French under Ney, two days before the battle of Waterloo.

QUATREFAGES DE BRAU, French naturalist and anthropologist, born at Berthezene (Gard); studied medicine at Strasburg; was professor at the Natural History Museum in Paris; devoted himself chiefly to anthropology and the study of annelides (1810-1892).

QUATREMERE, TIENNE MARC, French Orientalist, born in Paris; was professor at the College of France; was distinguished for his knowledge of Arabic and Persian, as well as for his works on Egypt; was of vast learning, but defective in critical ability (1782-1857).

QUATREMERE DE QUINCY, a learned French archaeologist and writer on art, born in Paris; was involved in the troubles of the Revolution; narrowly, as a constitutionalist, escaped the guillotine, and was

deported to Cayenne in 1797, but after his return took no part in political affairs; wrote a "Dictionary of Antiquities" (1755-1849).

QUATRO CENTO (i. e. four hundred), a term employed by the Italians to signify one thousand four hundred, that is, the 15th century, and applied by them to the literature and art of the period.

QUEBEC (1,359), formerly called Lower Canada, one of the Canadian provinces occupying that part of the valley of the St. Lawrence, and a narrow stretch of fertile, well-cultivated land on the S. of the river, which is bounded on the S. by the States of New York and Maine, and on the E. by New Brunswick; it is twice the size of Great Britain, and consists of extensive tracks of cultivated land and forests interspersed with lakes and rivers, affluents of the St. Lawrence; the soil, which is fertile, yields good crops of cereals, hay, and fruit, and excellent pasturage, and there is abundance of mineral wealth; it was colonised by the French in 1608, was taken by the English in 1759-60, and the great majority of the population is of French extraction.

QUEBEC (63), the capital of the above province, and once of all Canada, a city of historical interest, is situated on the steep promontory, 333 feet in height, of the NW. bank of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the St. Charles River, 300 m. from the sea, and 180 m. below Montreal; it is divided into Upper and Lower, the latter the business quarter and the former the west-end, as it were; there are numerous public buildings, including the governor's residence, an Anglican cathedral, and a university; it is a commercial centre, has a large trade in timber, besides several manufacturing industries; the aspect of the town is Norman-French, and there is much about it and the people to remind one of Normandy.

QUEDLINBURG (19), an old town of Prussian Saxony, on the river Bode, at the foot of the Harz Mountains, 32 m. SW. of Magdeburg, founded by Henry the Fowler, and where his remains lie; was long a favourite residence of the emperors of the Saxon line; it has large nurseries, an extensive trade in flower seeds, and sundry manufactures.

QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY, a fund established in 1704 for the augmentation of the incomes of the poorer clergy, the amount of which for distribution in 1890 was £176,896; it was the revenue from a tax on the Church prior to the Reformation, and which after that was appropriated by the Crown.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, a college for women in Harley Street, London, founded in 1848, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1853, of which Maurice, Trench, and Kingsley were among the originators; attendance of three years entitles to the rank of "Associate," and of six or more to that of "Fellow"; it is self-supporting.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, colleges established in Ireland in 1845 to afford a university education to members of all religious denominations, and opened at Belfast, Cork, and Galway in 1849, the first having 23 professors, with 343 students; the second 23 professors, with 181 students; and the third 37 professors, with 91 students. There is also a Queen's College in Melbourne.

QUEENSLAND, a British colony occupying the NE. of Australia, 1300 m. from N. to S. and 800 m. from E. to W., two-thirds of it within the tropics, and occupying an area three times as large as that of France. Mountains stretch away N. parallel to the coast, and much of the centre is tableland; one-half of it is covered with forests, and it is fairly well watered, the rivers being numerous, and the chief the Fitzroy and the Burdekin. The population is only half a million, and the chief towns are Brisbane, the capital, Gympie, Maryborough, Rockhampton, and Townsville. The pastoral industry is very large, and there is considerable mining for gold. The mineral resources are great, and a coal-field still to be worked exists in it as large as the whole of Scotland. Maize and sugar are the principal products of the soil, and wool, gold, and sugar are the principal exports; the colony is capable of immense developments. Until 1859 the territory was administered by New South Wales, but in that year it became an independent colony, with a government of its own under a Governor appointed by the Crown; the Parliament consists of two Houses, a Legislative Council of 41 members, nominated by the Governor, and the Legislative Assembly of 72 members, elected for three years by manhood suffrage.

QUER TARO (36), a high-lying Mexican town in a province of the same name, 150 m. NW. of Mexico; has large cotton-spinning mills; here the Emperor Maximilian was shot by order of court-martial in 1867.

QUERN, a handmill of stone for grinding corn, of primitive contrivance, and still used in remote parts of Ireland and Scotland.

QUESNAY, FRANÇOIS, a great French economist, born at Mœz



(Seine-et-Oise), bred to the medical profession, and eminent as a medical practitioner, was consulting physician to Louis XV., but distinguished for his articles in the "Encyclopédie" on political economy, and as the founder of the PHYSIOCRATIC SCHOOL (q. v.), the school which attaches special importance in State economy to agriculture (1694-1774).

QUESNEL, PASQUIER, a French Jansenist theologian, born in Paris; was the author of a great many works, but the most celebrated is his "Reflexions Morales"; was educated at the Sorbonne, and became head of the congregation of the Oratory in Paris, but was obliged to seek refuge in Holland with Arnauld on embracing Jansenism; his views exposed him to severe persecution at the hands of the Jesuits, and his "Reflexions" were condemned in 101 propositions by the celebrated bull *\_Unigenitus\_*; spent his last years at Amsterdam, and died there (1634-1719).

QUETELET, ADOLPHE, Belgian astronomer and statistician, born at Ghent; wrote on meteorology and anthropology, in the light especially of statistics (1796-1874).

QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS, Francisco Gomez de, a Spanish poet, born at Madrid, of an old illustrious family; left an orphan at an early age, and educated at Alcalá the university of which he left with a great name for scholarship; served as diplomatist and administrator in Sicily under the Duke of Ossuna, the viceroy, and returned to the Court of Philip IV. in Spain at his death; struggled hard to purify the corrupt system of appointments to office in the State then prevailing but was seized and thrown into confinement, from which, after four years, he was released, broken in health; he wrote much in verse, but only for his own solace and in communication with his friends, and still more in prose on a variety of themes, he being a writer of the most versatile ability, of great range and attainment (1580-1645).

QUIBERON, a small fishing village on a peninsula of the name, stretching southward from Morbihan, France, near which Hawke defeated a French fleet in 1759, and where a body of French emigrants attempted to land in 1795 in order to raise an insurrection, but were defeated by General Hoche.

QUICHUAS, a civilised people who flourished at one time in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, and spoke a highly-cultivated language called Quichua after them.

QUICK, ROBERT HEBERT, English educationist; wrote "Essays on Educational Reformers"; was in holy orders (1832-1891).

QUICKSAND, sandbank so saturated with water that it gives way under pressure; found near the mouths of rivers.

QUIETISM, the name given to a mystical religious turn of mind which seeks to attain spiritual illumination and perfection by maintaining a purely passive and susceptible attitude to Divine communication and revelation, shutting out all consciousness of self and all sense of external things, and independently of the observance of the practical virtues. The high-priest of Quietism was the Spanish priest MOLINOS (q. v.), and his chief disciple in France was Madame de Guyon, who infected the mind of the saintly FLOREN. The appearance of it in France, and especially FLOREN's partiality to it, awoke the hostility of Bossuet, who roused the Church against it, as calculated to have an injurious effect on the interests of practical morality; indeed the hostility became so pronounced that FLOREN was forced to retract, to the gradual dying out of the fanaticism.

QUILIMANE (6), a seaport of East Africa, on the Mozambique Channel, in a district subject to Portugal; stands 15 m. from the mouth of a river of the name.

QUILON, a trading town on the W. coast of Travancore, 85 m. N. of Comorin.

QUIMPER (17), a French town 63 m. SE. of Brest, with a much admired cathedral; has sundry manufactures, and a fishing industry.

QUINCY, JOSIAH, American statesman, born at Boston; was bred to the bar, and entered Congress in 1804, where he distinguished himself by his oratory as leader of the Federal party, as the sworn foe of slave-holding, and as an opponent of the admission of the Western States into the Union; in 1812 he retired from Congress, gave himself for a time to purely local affairs in Massachusetts, and at length to literary labours, editing his speeches for one thing, without ceasing to interest himself in the anti-slavery movement (1772-1864).

QUINET, EDGAR, a French man of letters, born at Bourg, in the department of Ain; was educated at Bourg and Lyons, went to Paris in 1820, and in 1823 produced a satire called "Les Tablettes du Juif-Errant," at which time he came under the influence of HERDER (q. v.) and executed in French a translation of his "Philosophy of Humanity," prefaced with an introduction which procured him the friendship of Michelet, a friendship which lasted with life; appointed to a post in Greece, he collected materials for a work on Modern Greece, and this, the first fruit of his own view of things as a speculative Radical, he published in 1830; he now entered the service of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in the pages of it his prose poem "Ahasuerus" appeared, which was afterwards published in a book form and soon found a place in the "Index Expurgatorius" of the Church; this was followed by other democratic poems, "Napoleon" in 1835 and "Prometheus" in 1838; from 1838 to 1842 he occupied the chair of Foreign Literature in Lyons, and passed from it to that of the Literature of Southern Europe in the College of France; here, along with Michelet, he commenced a vehement crusade against the clerical party, which was brought to a head by his attack on the Jesuits, and which led to his suspension from the duties of the chair in 1846; he distrusted Louis Napoleon, and was exiled in 1852, taking up his abode at Brussels, to return to Paris again only after the Emperor's fall; through all these troubles he was busy with his pen, in 1838 published his "Examen de la Vie de J<sup>h</sup>us," his "Du Genie des Religions," "La R<sup>o</sup>volution Religieuse au xix<sup>e</sup> Si<sup>c</sup>cle," and other works; he was a disciple of Herder to the last; he believed in humanity, and religion as the soul of it (1803-1875).

QUININE, an alkaloid obtained from the bark of several species of the cinchona tree and others, and which is employed in medicine specially as a febrifuge and a tonic.

QUINISEXT, an ecclesiastical council held at Constantinople in 692, composed chiefly of Eastern bishops, and not reckoned among the councils of the Western Church.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, the Sunday before the beginning of Lent.

QUINSY, inflammation of the tonsils of the throat.

QUINTANA, MANUEL JOS , a Spanish lyric and dramatic poet, born in Madrid; was for a time the champion of liberal ideas in politics, which he ceased to advocate before he died; is celebrated as the author of a

classic work, being "Lives of Celebrated Spaniards" (1772-1857).

QUINTETTE, a musical composition in obligato parts for five voices or five instruments.

QUINTILIAN, MARCUS FABIVS, celebrated Latin rhetorician, born in Spain; went to Rome in the train of Galba, and began to practise at the bar, but achieved his fame more as teacher in rhetoric than a practitioner at the bar, a function he discharged with brilliant success for 20 years under the patronage and favour of the Emperor Vespasian in particular, being invested by him in consequence with the insignia and title of consul; with posterity his fame rests on his "Institutes," a great work, being a complete system of rhetoric in 12 books; he commenced it in the reign of Domitian after his retirement from his duties as a public instructor, and it occupied him two years; it is a wise book, ably written, and fraught with manifold instruction to all whose chosen profession it is to persuade men (35-92).

QUIPO, knotted cords of different colours used by the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians for conveying orders or recording events.

QUIRINAL, one of the seven hills on which Rome was built, N. of the Palatine, and one of the oldest quarters of the city.

QUIRITES, the name the citizens of Rome assumed in their civic capacity.

QUITO (80), the capital of Ecuador, situated at an elevation of nearly 9000 ft. above the sea-level, and cut up with ravines; stands in a region of perpetual spring and amid picturesque surroundings, the air clear and the sky a dark deep blue. The chief buildings are of stone, but all the ordinary dwellings are of sun-dried brick and without chimneys. It is in the heart of a volcanic region, and is subject to frequent earthquakes, in one of which, in 1797, 40,000 of the inhabitants perished. The population consists chiefly of Indians, whose religious interests must be well cared for, for there are no fewer than 400 priests to watch over their spiritual welfare.

QUITO, CORDILLERA OF, a chain of mountains, the chief of them volcanic, in Ecuador, containing the loftiest peaks of the Andes, and including among them Antisana, Cotopaxi, and Chimborazo.

QUIT-RENT, a rent the payment of which frees the tenant of a holding from other services such as were obligatory under feudal tenure.

QUORRA, the name given to the middle and lower course of the Niger.

QUORUM, the number of the members of a governing body required by law to give legality to any transaction in the name of it.

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**Q Ideas** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Our Knowledge Box*, Edited by Geo. Blackie

\_A Quart of Ink, for a Dime.\_

--Buy extract of logwood, which may be had at three cents an ounce, or cheaper by the quantity. Buy also, for three cents, an ounce of \_bi-chromate of potash\_. Do not make a mistake, and get the simple chromate of potash. The former is orange red, and the latter clear yellow. Now, take half an ounce of extract of logwood and ten grains of bi-chromate of potash, and dissolve them in a quart of hot rain water. When cold, pour it into a glass bottle, and leave it uncorked for a week or two. Exposure to the air is indispensable. The ink is then made, and has cost five to ten minutes' labor, and about three cents, beside the bottle. The ink is at first an intense steel blue, but becomes quite black.

\_Queen of Hungary's Water.\_--Spirit of rosemary, four pints; orange flower water, one quarter of a pint; essence of neroli, four drops.

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## =QUASI CONTRACTS=

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Putnam's Handy Law Book for the Layman*, by  
Albert Sidney Bolles  
1921

A quasi contract is a legal obligation arising without the assent of one from the receipt of a benefit which, if retained, would be unjust. The law therefore compels him to make restitution. He is required to do this, not because he has promised to

make restitution, but because he has received a benefit which he cannot justly retain.

If one at the time of conferring a benefit on another confers it as a gift, it cannot afterward be claimed that the gift was conferred relying on a supposed contract. Consequently, though the donor's intention may be subsequently altered, no obligation to make restitution will arise. Nor does the failure of the donee to reciprocate the donor's generosity or indirectly reward him, create any right or claim on the donor's part to a return from the donee.

Where one, in the preservation of his own property or the promotion of his own interests, bestows some incidental advantage to another, there is no legal obligation to pay for the value of it. Thus the owner of the lower part of a house is not liable for the advantage resulting to him from the repair of the roof by the owner of the upper part and roof. Nor is one who has thickened and strengthened that part of an ancient party wall which is on his own land, in order to sustain the building he is erecting, entitled to recover from the adjoining owner who used the wall. Nor can anything be recovered from the owner of a vessel by the underwriters who had her docked for repairs though by such docking the owner gained an important benefit. Nor can one who in pumping out his quarry frees another quarry from water recover anything for the service. Nor can one who is benefited by experiments made by another to test the value of patented inventions, in which both are interested, be legally required to pay for the benefit he has received.

As no expectation of payment does presumptively arise when services are rendered by one member of a family to another member, one who claims payment for them must prove that they were not rendered as a gratuity, but on the legal supposition that he had a right to compensation.

One who knows or who has reason to believe that compensation is expected for goods or services tendered to him ought not to accept them unless he intends to pay for them. If he does his act of acceptance will be regarded as a promise of payment, and can be enforced. But if one accepts goods or services without knowledge or reason to believe that compensation will be expected, what then? Suppose A sends a barrel of apples to B supposing, from their previous course of dealing, that B will return them if he does not want them? B should either return them or pay. Suppose B is misinformed and learns that A is giving a barrel of apples to each of his customers? Then he would be justified in keeping them until he learned the truth.

If, in making a contract it is taken for granted by both parties that

a certain fact exists, which, if not existing, would make the contract impossible of execution, the contract is void. Thus, in contracts for the sale of specific personal property, its existence at the time of the sale is generally assumed. If the property has perished or been destroyed, the contract is void. The same rule has been applied to the sale of non-existent reality, of the transfer of void or spurious securities, of the assignment of a void lease. In all these cases the money paid in misreliance on the void contract is recoverable.

Premiums paid on a policy of marine insurance by one who in reality had no goods on board, or for a voyage that was never begun, may be recovered. The existence of a risk is assumed by both parties, in fact there is no risk, consequently there was nothing to which the contract of insurance related.

"A promise," says Woodward, "which is so general or indefinite that it does not enable the courts to determine the nature and extent of the obligation assumed must be regarded as no promise at all. Such has been the fate of a promise to pay good wages; a promise to convey a hundred acres of land, the land not being described; a promise to divide profits, no rate of division being indicated. Instances might be multiplied. A benefit conferred, in the honest, though mistaken, belief that such a promise is binding ought in justice to be restored. Restitution is accordingly enforced."

The law requires some kinds of contracts to be executed in a particular manner. Thus, by statute, many municipalities can make contracts, or those of a particular kind, only on sealed bids or proposals and after proper advertising for bids, etc. If these things are not done, the contract made in disregard of them is invalid. The courts of this country have got into deep confusion in applying this rule to private corporations. Suppose a corporation makes a loan without proper authority and receives the money, can the lender recover it? The corporation had no right to borrow, of this the lender knew as well as the borrower. Both parties are in the wrong. The highest court in this country has been more consistent than many of the state courts, and holds that a contract it cannot make for lack of legal power is not made and cannot be ratified. "No performance on either side can give the unlawful contract any validity, or be the foundation of any right of action upon it." Nevertheless though a contract is unlawful and void because the corporation was unable to make it, a court strives to do justice between the parties by permitting property or money, parted with on faith of the unlawful contract, to be recovered back, or compensation to be made therefor.

The lack of another legal requirement in making contracts gives rise to serious consequences. We have learned that the Statute of Frauds

requires for the validity of many contracts that a memorandum of them be made in writing and signed by one or both contracting parties. By English law the statute provides a rule of evidence, that a writing must be shown as proof of a contract before the courts will consider it as having been made; by some of the American courts a contract that does not meet the requirements of the statute is held to be void; by other courts they declare that though the contract is not void it cannot be enforced.

While the Statute of Frauds in some states is regarded as completely nullifying contracts not conforming to its requirements, they are not anywhere held to be illegal, that is, are not made in violation of law. "There appears," says Woodward, "to be no reason of policy, therefore, for denying to a party thereto in a proper case, the aid of the court in obtaining quasi contractual relief, or the right to establish the justice of his quasi contractual demand by proving the terms of the unenforceable agreement. True, the evidence of the agreement in such a case, must be oral; but since the evidence is for the purpose of proving, not a contract as such, but a transaction resulting in an unjust benefit to the defendant, its introduction would seem not to contravene the statute."

A purchaser of land under an oral contract, who is given possession and subsequently fails to pay, is liable for the use of the land to him while he has occupied it. Though the act of the seller in giving the purchaser possession without conveying the title may not be regarded as a part performance of the contract of sale, yet the benefit resulting to the purchaser creates an obligation to make restitution which the courts will enforce. The improvement of land by the purchaser under an oral contract is an act which enables him to enforce the contract in equity. Improvements made by a lessee under an oral lease within the statute are governed by the same rules as those of improvements made by a purchaser.

If no benefit has been derived from the contract, nothing can be recovered. Thus, a son worked for his father on his father's farm under an unenforceable contract with his uncle. The latter was under no quasi contractual obligation to pay the value of such service, since he had derived no benefit from them. Likewise one who, relying on an unenforceable contract, constructed a wood-chopping machine that was not accepted could not recover for the value of his labor and materials.

Again, where one party by his own act or default has prevented the other party from fully performing his contract, the party thus preventing performance cannot take advantage of his own act or default, and screen himself from payment for what has been done under



the contract. Thus, if one party agrees with another to work on a house the law implies that the employee owns the building in which the work is to be done. This is a part of the contract whether the house is clearly specified or not. Therefore, an employer who does not own the house, or parts with it before the work is completed, is liable to the other party.

The destruction of a thing in the course of alteration or repair without the fault of the bailee is a case like that above mentioned. The labor and materials are expended in response to the desire of the owner of the property, and therefore it is just that he should pay for the property he destroyed. In one of the old cases a horse was sent to a farrier to be cured and was burnt before a cure was completely effected. Nevertheless, the farrier was entitled to payment for what he had done. Likewise, the owner of a ship that is destroyed by fire a few hours before the completion of repairs, cannot escape payment on the ground that he has reaped no advantage.

As the illness or death of a contractor does not, like fire or shipwreck, deprive the other party of the fruits of what has been already done, the benefit resulting to him is more obvious, and the element of hardship is wanting that appears in many of the cases. The value of his services or the materials he may have used may therefore be recovered. In one of the cases A agreed that he and his wife should live in B's house and maintain him for life. As A's wife died the contract could not be performed. Nevertheless, A recovered the value of the service he had rendered to B during the lifetime of his wife.

Wagering contracts either by statute or judicial decision are illegal and void in most or all the states. In many of them the statute permits the recovery of the money from the stakeholder or the winner. Payment over to the winner after notice or demand by the loser is not a good defense in an action against the stakeholder. Again, the winner is liable who, when receiving the money, knows that the stakeholder has been notified not to pay it over, or has received notice not to take it.

The legality of contracts made or to be performed on Sunday is determined generally by statute. Generally, when a contract is made on Sunday, or is fully performed on both sides, the money paid or other thing done in execution of it cannot be recovered. Again, one who is induced by fraudulent representations to enter into a contract which is in violation of a Sunday law is not so much in the wrong as the other, and consequently may recover a benefit he has conferred on the other party in performing the contract.

If a member of a firm gives a promissory note signed by the

partnership name, for a debt of his own, which his partner is compelled to pay, he may recover the money from the other. So, if a carrier by mistake delivered goods to the wrong person who keeps them, and the carrier is obliged to pay for their value, he can recover the amount of the other person who thus wrongfully keeps them.

Whenever a person makes a payment to another under such a mistake of the material facts as to create a belief in the existence of a liability which does not really exist, the money may be recovered back. Such an obligation arises where money is paid as due on the basis of erroneous accounts, and on a true statement of account is found not to have been due. A voluntary payment with knowledge of all the facts cannot be recovered, even though there may have been no obligation to pay.

A person cannot recover money paid under a mistake of fact who has received the equivalent for which he bargained, because there is no failure of consideration. Nor is the fact immaterial that he need not, and would not have made the payment had he known the true state of things. A bank, for example, that pays the check of a depositor under the erroneous belief that it has sufficient funds, may not recover from the payee the excess to the depositor's credit. But if the purchaser of goods has paid the price, and the seller fails to deliver them, the purchaser may recover his money. And in any case, a person who has paid money under an agreement which he may rescind and does so, because there was a failure of consideration, may recover what he has paid. An action will lie against a person who sells goods as his own, but which do not belong to him, whenever the real owner claims them from the purchaser. In like manner an action will lie against a person who sells bills, notes, bonds, stock or other securities which prove to be worthless, or against a person who agrees to transfer the title to land which, for lack of title or other reason, cannot pass.

As a rule, the consideration of a contract must totally fail to entitle a person to recover back the money he has paid. If the consideration has only partly failed, the remedy, if there is any, is for a breach of the contract, and not to recover back the money he has paid. Thus, if an article is sold with a warranty of its quality, and it is not worthless, his remedy is an action to recover damages for a breach of the warranty, and not an action to recover back the money paid for the thing purchased.

A liability cannot be imposed on a person without his act or consent. One man cannot force a benefit on another without his knowledge or consent, and then compel him to pay for it. "If a person," says Clark, "intentionally and knowingly performs services for another or otherwise confers a benefit on him without his knowledge, so that he

has no opportunity to refuse the benefit, the law will not create a liability to pay for it. So, where a person supplies another with goods, the latter supposing that he is being supplied by another person with whom he had contracted for the goods, the law will not even imply a promise to pay for the goods." Where benefits are conferred by one person on another under such circumstances as to raise no promise in fact or in law to pay for them, he may, nevertheless, become liable by retaining them. Thus, if a person were to receive goods from another reasonably but mistakenly believing them to be intended as a gift, and, after learning of his mistake, should retain them, when he might return them, or if he should receive part of the goods purchased from another, and retain them after failure of the latter to supply the rest of the goods, the law would compel him to pay for them. And the same rule applies where benefits are in any other way received under such circumstances as to create no contractual obligation, and are retained when they should in justice be returned. If, however, the benefits thus received are incapable of being returned, as where they consist of services, or of materials which have been used in repairing a house, no liability is created.

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## Two Q Data Sources from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Circle of Knowledge*, by Various

=Q= from

### PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF LITERARY ALLUSIONS

=Quasimodo= (\_kw?-si-m?-d?).--\_Notre Dame de Paris\_, Hugo. A misshapen dwarf, one of the prominent characters in the story. He is brought up in the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. One day, he sees Esmeralda, who had been dancing in the cathedral close, set upon by a mob, and he conceals her for a time in the church. When, at length, the beautiful gypsy girl is gibbeted, Quasimodo disappears mysteriously, but a skeleton corresponding to the deformed figure is found after a time in a hole under the gibbet.

=Quaver.---\_The Virgin Unmasked\_, Fielding. A singing-master, who says, if it were not for singing-masters, men and women might as well have been born dumb. He courts Lucy by promising to give her singing-lessons.

=Queen Lab.---\_Arabian Nights.\_ The queen of magic, ruler over the enchanted city, in the story of Beder, prince of Persia. She transforms

men into horses, mules, and other animals. Beder marries her, defeats her plots against him, but is himself turned into an owl for a time.

=Quentin Durward= (\_kwen·tin der·w rd\_).--A novel by Sir Walter Scott. A story of French history. The delineations of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold of Burgundy will stand comparison with any in the whole range of fiction or history.

=Quickly, Mistress.---\_Merry Wives of Windsor\_, Shakespeare. A serving woman to Dr. Caius, a French physician. She is the go-between of three suitors for sweet Anne Page, and with perfect disinterestedness wishes all three to succeed.

=Quickly, Mistress Nell.---Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, frequented by Harry, Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and all their disreputable crew.

=Quidnunkis.---Title and name of hero in a fable found or written by Gay in 1726. This hero was a monkey which climbed higher than its neighbors, and fell into a river.

=Quilp= (\_kwilp\_).--\_Old Curiosity Shop\_, Dickens. A hideous dwarf, cunning, malicious, and a perfect master in tormenting. Of hard, forbidding features, with head and face large enough for a giant, he lived on Tower hill, collected rents, advanced money to seamen, and kept a sort of wharf, calling himself a ship-breaker.

=Quintus Fixlein.---Title of a romance by Jean Paul Richter and the name of the principal character.

=Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.---A firm of rascally, scheming, hypocritical solicitors in Warren s \_Ten Thousand a Year\_.

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## Q from WORDS AND PHRASES FROM THE MODERN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

=Q=

=quelque chose= (\_kel ke sh?z·\_), something; a trifle.

=quenelle= (\_ke-nel·\_).--A kind of delicate forcemeat ball or dumpling.

=qui a bu boira= (\_k? ? b · bw r?·\_), the tippler will go on tippling; it is hard to break off bad habits.

=quien poco sabe, presto lo reza= (Sp.), (\_ky?n p? k? s ·v?, pr?s t? l?)

r? th \_), he who knows little soon tells it.

=quien sabe?= (Sp.), (\_ky?n s ·v?\_), who knows?

=qu'il soit comme il est d~~oir~~ (\_k?l sw?· k m? le d? z? r?· \_), let it be as desired.

=qui m'aime aime mon chien= (\_k? mem· em m \_N \_sh? \_N·), love me, love my dog.

=qui n a sant~~é~~ n a rien= (\_k? n? s \_N \_t?·, n? r? \_N·), he who has not health, has nothing.

=qui va l ?= (\_k? v? l?· \_), who goes there?

=qui vive= (\_k? v?v· \_), on the alert.

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**Recipes** from Project Gutenberg's *Margaret Brown's French Cookery Cook*, by Margaret Brown

## QUEEN CAKE.

Two cupfuls of butter, 2-1/2 cupfuls of sugar, 1-1/2 pints of flour, 8 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 wineglass each of wine, brandy, and cream, 1/2 teaspoonful of the extract of nutmeg, rose, and lemon, 1 cupful of dried currants washed and picked, 1 cupful of raisins, stoned and cut in two; 1 cupful of citron cut in small, thin slices; rub the butter and sugar to a very light cream; add the eggs, 2 at a time, beating 5 minutes between each addition; add the flour, sifted, with the powder, the raisins, currants, wine, brandy, cream, citron, and extracts; mix into a consistent batter, and bake carefully in a papered cake-tin in a moderate, steady oven 1-1/2 hours.

## QUINCE PRESERVES.

One peck quinces; peel, core, and weigh them. It will require just so many pounds of sugar. Put on the peelings of the quinces and let them boil perfectly done. Then put the preserves in and the rind of 4 lemons. Let all boil 1/4 hour, till soft enough to allow a straw to pass partly through them. One-half pint of water (quite clean and clear) to 1 pound of sugar; make a syrup and let it commence to boil; skim it and then put in the fruit. Let the fruit boil 1/2 hour exactly;

then take out the fruit and lay on a dish. Let your syrup boil steadily 3/4 hour longer. Put your jars in hot water on the stove. Put the fruit in them clear of syrup. Then pour in the syrup and stop the jars up tightly while standing in the boiling water. Let them stand in 1/4 hour.

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## **Chiles Stuffed With Cheese [Queso]**

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *California Mexican-Spanish Cook Book*, by Bertha Haffner-Ginger

Mix half cup bread wet with one-half cup tomatoes and one-half cup Queso Mexicano (a Mexican cheese), tablespoon onion, one-half button garlic, tablespoon parsley, salt, pepper, one-fourth cup sliced olives, mushroom or raisins chopped and fried in tablespoon lard until tender. Add the bread and cheese, when cool, stuff chiles, dip in the egg batter and fry in deep fat or saute in butter. To be eaten hot served with or without sauce.

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**Recipes** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The International Jewish Cook Book* by Florence Kreisler Greenbaum

## **QUARK STRUDEL (DUTCH CHEESE)**

Make a strudel or roley-poley dough and let it rest until you have prepared the cheese. Take half a pound of cheese, rub it through a coarse sieve or colander, add salt, the yolks of two eggs and one whole egg, sweeten to taste. Add the grated peel of one lemon, two ounces of sweet almonds, and about four bitter ones, blanched and pounded, four ounces of sultana raisins and a little citron chopped fine. Now roll out as thin as possible, spread in the cheese, roll and bake, basting with sweet cream.

## **QUEEN FRITTERS**

Put in a deep skillet on the fire one cup of water, one-fourth cup of fresh butter; when it comes to a boil, stir in one cup of sifted flour and continue stirring until the dough leaves the side of the skillet clean. Remove from the fire and when cool break in three eggs, one at a time, stirring continually. Add a little salt. Mix all well, then drop pieces about the size of a walnut into plenty of boiling butter or

Crisco and fry a light brown. Drain, make an opening in each, fill with preserves and sprinkle with sugar; serve at once.

## QUEEN OF TRIFLES

Make a rich custard of four eggs, one cup of granulated sugar and one quart of milk to which has been added one teaspoon of cornstarch. Let this cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until the custard is very thick. Cool.

Soak one-half pound of macaroons in sherry wine, blanch and chop one-quarter pound of almonds, cut fine one-quarter pound of dried figs; one-quarter pound of crystallized cherries and one-half pound of lady fingers are required as well.

Line a deep glass bowl with the lady fingers cut in half, add macaroons, fruit and almonds in layers until all are used. Then pour the boiled custard over all. Set on ice and when cold, fill the bowl with whipped cream that has been sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Decorate with a few cherries.

## BAKED QUINCES

Quinces may be wiped, cored, and quartered; sugar filled in the cavities, and baked same as crab-apples, in a very slow oven three or more hours until clear and glassy

## QUINCE JELLY

Prepare the fruit and cook peels and cores as directed for preserving. Cut the quinces in small pieces and let them boil in the strained water for one hour with kettle uncovered. When cooked the desired length of time, pour the whole into a jelly-bag of white flannel or double cheese-cloth; hang over a big bowl or jar and let the liquor all drain through. This will take several hours. When all the liquor is drained, measure it and return to the kettle. To each pint of liquor weigh a pound of sugar. While the liquor is heating put the sugar in the oven, then add to the boiling hot liquor and stir it until sugar is melted. When the whole is thick, and drops from the spoon like jelly, pour it through a strainer into the jelly glasses; and when the jelly is cool, put on the covers--first pouring a film of melted paraffin over the surface.

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## ESSENTIAL OILS, OR QUINTESSENCES.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Toilet of Flora*, by Pierre-Joseph Buc'hoz

### 143. \_Essential Oil, commonly called Quintessence of Lavender.\_

Fill a cucurbit two thirds full with unwashed Lavender Flowers, pour upon them as much clear Water as will float about two inches above the Flowers. Fit to the cucurbit a head with a short neck, and lute on the refrigeratory vessel. Distil in the common manner with a fire of such a degree of strength as will cause the distilled water to run off in a thick thread. The phlegm and spirit will come over in a considerable quantity, and the Essential Oil, with which Lavender greatly abounds, will soon appear floating on the surface of the Water in the receiver; which is to be separated according to the rules of art. As soon as you perceive that no more Oil drops into the receiver, which generally happens to be the case a good while before the phlegm is entirely drawn off, finish your distillation. If you want a larger quantity of Quintessence, empty the still, put fresh Flowers, and adding the phlegm and spirit drawn off by the former distillation, instead of so much common Water, distil as before, till you have obtained a sufficient quantity. This Quintessence possesses great medicinal virtues, and is particularly serviceable in vapourish and hysteric disorders.

### 144. \_To make Essence of Cinnamon.\_

Take half a pound of Cinnamon, reduce it in a mortar to an impalpable powder, put it into a very long necked matrass, pour on it as much highly rectified Spirit of Wine as will cover the powder about an inch. Stop the matrass with a found cork coated with bees-wax, and expose it to the sun for a whole month, observing to shake it well twice a day. At the expiration of the month, uncork the matrass, using the utmost precaution not to disturb the sediment; and gently pour off the Tincture into a clean vial.

### 145. \_To make Quintessence of Cloves.\_

Take a pound of Cloves, beat them in a mortar, put them into a glass vessel, and pour on them a gallon of hot but not boiling water, cork the bottle close with a waxed cork, placed in a warm place, and let the Cloves infuse three weeks or a month; then empty the contents of the bottle into a middling sized still, fit on a low head with a short neck, and distil in the common manner, with a fire of such a degree



of fierceness as to make the distilled Water run off in a stream, resembling a thick thread. The Quintessence will come over with the Spirit, mixed with a large quantity of Phlegm; but being heavier than either of those substances, will be found precipitated to the bottom of the receiver. Separate it in the usual manner, and keep it for use in a vial closely corked. Then unlute your still, and throw in the spirituous Water that remains after the separation of the Quintessence; distil it a second time, and you will obtain a small quantity more, which may be added to the former.

#### 146. \_A Cosmetic Juice.\_

Make a hole in a Lemon, fill it with Sugar Candy, and close it nicely with leaf Gold applied over the Rind that was cut out; then roast the Lemon in hot ashes. When desirous of using the Juice, squeeze out a little through the hole, and wash the face with a napkin wetted with it. This Juice greatly cleanses the skin, and brightens the complexion.

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## HOW QUILTS ARE MADE

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Quilts*, by Marie D. Webster

It is only in comparatively recent years that many articles of wearing apparel and house furnishings have been manufactured outside the home. One after another, spinning, weaving, shoemaking, candlemaking, tailoring, knitting, and similar tasks have been taken from the homekeeper because the same articles can be made better and cheaper elsewhere. The housewife still keeps busy, but is occupied with tasks more to her liking. Among the few home occupations that have survived is quilting. With many serviceable substitutes it is not really necessary for women to make quilts now, but the strange fascination about the work holds their interest. Quilt making has developed and progressed during the very period when textile arts in the home have declined under the influence of the factory. More quilts are being made at the present time and over a wider area than ever before.

Quilts, as known and used to-day, may be divided into two general classes, washable and non-washable, depending upon the materials of which they are made. The methods for constructing each class are the same, and are so very simple that it seems hardly necessary to explain them.

The name quilt implies two or more fabrics held together with many stitches. Webster defines a quilt as "Anything that is quilted, especially as a quilted bedcover or a skirt worn by women; any cover or garment made by putting wool, cotton, etc., between two cloths and stitching them together." The verb, to quilt, he defines as "To stitch or to sew together at frequent intervals in order to confine in place the several layers of cloth and wadding of which a garment, comforter, etc., may be made. To stitch or sew in lines or patterns."

The "Encyclop dia Britannica" is a little more explicit and also gives the derivation of the name, quilt, as follows: "Probably a coverlet for a bed consisting of a mass of feathers, down, wool, or other soft substances, surrounded by an outer covering of linen, cloth, or other material." In its earlier days the "quilt" was often made thick and sewed as a form of mattress. The term was also given to a stitched, wadded lining for body armour. "The word came into English from old French *\_cuilte\_*. This is derived from Latin *\_culcitra\_*, a stuffed mattress or cushion. From the form *\_culcitra\_* came old French *\_cotra\_*, or *\_coudre\_* whence *\_coudre pointe\_*; this was corrupted into counterpoint, which in turn was changed to counterpane. The word 'pane' is also from the Latin *\_pannus\_*, a piece of cloth. Thus 'counterpane,' a coverlet for a bed, and 'quilt' are by origin the same word."

Broadly speaking, from these definitions, any article made up with an interlining may be called a quilt. However, usage has restricted the meaning of the word until now it is applied to a single form of bed covering. In the United States the distinction has been carried even farther and a quilt is understood to be a light weight, closely stitched bedcover. When made thicker, and consequently warmer, it is called a "comforter."

The three necessary parts of a quilt are the top, the lining or back, and the interlining. The top, which is the important feature, unless the quilting is to be the only ornamentation, may be a single piece of plain cloth; or it may be pieced together from many small pieces different in size, colour, and shape, so as to form either simple or fanciful designs. The top may also be adorned with designs cut from fabrics of varying colours and applied to the foundation with fancy stitches, or it may be embroidered. The materials may be either cotton, linen, wool, or silk. The back is usually of plain material, which requires no description. The interlining, if the quilting is to be close and elaborate, must be thin. If warmth is desired a thicker interlining is used and the lines of quilting are spaced farther apart. The design of the top and the quilting lend themselves very readily to all manner of variations, and as a result there is an

almost infinite variety of quilts.

For convenience in making, nearly every quilt is composed of a number of blocks of regular form and size which, when joined together, make the body of the quilt. Each of these blocks may have a design complete in itself, or may be only part of a large and complicated design covering the whole top of the quilt.

[Illustration: HARRISON ROSE

This quilt is at least 75 years old. The rose is pieced of old rose and two shades of pink; the stem and leaves are appliqué

[Illustration: DETAIL OF HARRISON ROSE, SHOWING QUILTING]

[Illustration: QUILTING DESIGNS

- (a) Single Diagonal Lines
- (b) Double Diagonal Lines
- (c) Triple Diagonal Lines]

There is a radical distinction between the verbs "to piece" and "to patch," as used in connection with the making of quilts. In this instance the former means to join together separate pieces of like material to make sections or blocks that are in turn set together to form the top of the quilt. The pieces are usually of uniform shape and size and of contrasting colours. They are sewed together with a running stitch, making a seam upon the wrong side. The quilt called "Star of the East" is an excellent example of a pieced quilt in which a number of small pieced sections are united to form a single design that embraces the entire top of the quilt.

Patches are commonly associated with misfortune. The one who needs them is unfortunate, and the one who has to sew them on is usually an object of sympathy, according to a wise old saw: "A hole may be thought to be an accident of the day, but a patch is a sure sign of poverty." But patch quilts belong to a different class than the patches of necessity, and are the aristocrats of the quilt family, while the pieced quilts came under the heading of poor relations.

However, this term is a misnomer when applied to some pieced quilts. Many of the "scrap quilts," as they are called in some localities, are very pretty when made from gay pieces--carefully blended--of the various shades of a single colour. The stars in the design called "The Unknown Star" are made of a great variety of different patterns

of pink calico, yet the blending is so good that the effect is greatly heightened by the multiplicity of shades.

Pieced quilts make a special appeal to women who delight in the precise and accurate work necessary in their construction. For those who enjoy making pieced quilts, there is practically no limit to the variety of designs available, some of which are as intricate as the choicest mosaic. The bold and rather heavy design known as "Jacob's Ladder" is a good example of the pieced quilt. Another is the "Feathered Star," whose lightness and delicacy make it a most charming pattern. The pieced quilt with one large star in the centre, called by some "The Star of the East" and by others "The Star of Bethlehem," is a striking example of mathematical exactness in quilt piecing. In quilts made after this pattern all the pieces must be exactly the same size and all the seams must be the same width in order to produce a perfect star.

The French word "appliqu  is frequently used to describe the patched or laid-on work. There is no single word in the English language that exactly translates "appliqu  The term "applied work" comes nearest and is the common English term. By common usage patchwork is now understood to mean quilt making, and while used indiscriminately for both pieced and patched quilts, it really belongs to that type where the design is cut from one fabric and applied upon another. "Sewed on" and "laid quilts" are old terms given to appliqu  or patched quilts.

The distinction between "pieced" and "patched" quilts is fittingly described by Miss Bessie Daingerfield, the Kentuckian who has written interestingly of her experiences with mountain quilt makers. She says: "To every mountain woman her piece quilts are her daily interest, but her patch quilts are her glory. Even in these days, you women of the low country know a piece quilt when you see one, and doubtless you learned to sew on a 'four-patch' square. But have you among your treasures a patch quilt? The piece quilt, of course, is made of scraps, and its beauty or ugliness depends upon the material and colours that come to hand, the intricacy of the design, and one's skill in executing it. I think much character building must be done while hand and eye co-operate to make, for example, a star quilt with its endless tiny points for fitting and joining, but a patch quilt is a more ambitious affair. For this the pattern is cut from the whole piece and appliqu  on unbleached cotton. The colours used are commonly oil red, oil green, and a certain rather violent yellow, and sometimes indigo blue. These and these only are considered reliable enough for a patch quilt, which is made for the generations that come after. The making of such a quilt is a work of oriental patience."

[Illustration: ORIGINAL ROSE DESIGN MADE IN 1840

The maker was lame, and only able to walk about in her garden. Colours: red, green, pink, and yellow]

[Illustration: PINEAPPLE DESIGN

Colours: red and green]

"Appliqué work is thought by some to be an inferior kind of embroidery, although it is not. It is not a lower but another kind of needlework in which more is made of the stuff than of the stitching. In appliqué the craft to the needleworker is not carried to its limit, but, on the other hand, it calls for great skill in design. Effective it must be: coarse it may be: vulgar it should not be: trivial it can hardly be: mere prettiness is beyond its scope: but it lends itself to dignity of design and nobility of treatment." The foregoing quotation is from "Art in Needlework" by Louis F. Day and Mary Buckle. It is of interest because it explains how appliqué or "laid-on" needlework ranks with other kinds.

After all the different parts of a quilt top are either pieced or decorated with applied designs, they are joined together with narrow seams upon the wrong side of the quilt. If a border is included in the design it should harmonize in colour and design with the body of the quilt. However, in many quilts, borders seem to be "a thing apart" from the remainder of the top and, apparently, have been added as an afterthought to enlarge the top after the blocks had been joined. In old quilts a border frequently consisted of simple bands of colours similar to those found in the body of the quilt, but more often new material entirely different in colour and quality was added when greater size was desired. Many old quilts were three yards or more square, generous proportions being very essential in the old days of broad four-posters heaped with feather beds.

[Illustration: QUILTING DESIGNS

- (a) Diamonds
- (b) Hanging Diamonds
- (c) Broken Plaid]

The top being completed, the back or lining, of the same dimensions as the top, is next made of some light-weight material, usually white cotton. The quilt, to quote the usual expression, is then "ready for the frames." In earlier days the quilting frame could be found in every home, its simple construction making this possible. In its usual form it consists of four narrow pieces of wood, two somewhat longer than a quilt, and two shorter, perhaps half as long, with holes

bored in the ends of each piece. These pieces are made into an oblong frame by fastenings of bolts or pegs, and are commonly supported on the backs of chairs. More pretentious frames are made with round pieces for the sides, and with ends made to stand upon the floor, about the height of a table, these ends having round holes into which the side pieces fit. Such a frame is then self-supporting and frequently has a cogwheel attachment to keep the sides in place and to facilitate the rolling and unrolling of the quilt. The majority of frames are very plain, but occasionally a diligent quilter is encountered who has one made to suit her particular requirements, or has received an unusually well-built one as a gift. One old frame worthy of mention was made of cherry with elaborate scroll designed ends, cherry side bars, and a set of cogwheels also made of cherry; all finished and polished like a choice piece of furniture.

[Illustration: VIRGINIA ROSE

This original rose design was made by Caroline Stalnaker of Lewis County, West Virginia. She was one of the thirteen children of Charles Stalnaker, who was a "rock-ribbed" Baptist, and an ardent Northern sympathizer. During the Civil War this quilt was buried along with the family silver and other valuables to protect it from depredations by Confederate soldiers. One of Caroline Stalnaker's neighbors and friends was Stonewall Jackson.

In this quilt, as in many old ones, the border has been omitted on the side intended to go at the head of the bed. This quilt is still unfinished, having never been quilted]

[Illustration: ROSE OF LEMOINE

An old and distinctly American design]

Each side bar or roll of the quilting frame is tightly wound with cotton strips or has a piece of muslin firmly fastened to its entire length, to which is sewed the edges of the lining, one side to each bar. Then the extra length is rolled up on one side of the frame, and after being tightly stretched, the wooden pieces are securely fastened. On this stretched lining or back of the quilt, the cotton or wool used for filling or interlining is spread very carefully and smoothly; then with even greater care the top is put in place, its edge pinned or basted to the edge of the lining, and drawn tightly over the cotton. The ends of the quilt must also be stretched. This is done by pinning pieces of muslin to the quilt and wrapping them around

the ends of the frame. Great care is required to keep all edges true and to stretch all parts of the quilt uniformly.

Upon this smooth top the quilting is drawn, for even the most expert quilters require outlines to quilt by. If the quilt top is light in colour the design is drawn with faint pencil lines; if the colours are too dark to show pencil markings, then with a chalked line. It is a fascinating thing to children to watch the marking of a quilt with the chalk lines. The firm cord used for this is drawn repeatedly across a piece of chalk or through powdered starch until well coated, then held near the quilt, and very tightly stretched, while a second person draws it up and lets it fly back with a snap, thus making a straight white line. How closely the lines are drawn depends wholly upon the ambition and diligence of the quilter. The lines may be barely a quarter of an inch apart, or may be placed only close enough together to perform their function of keeping the interlining in place.

Patterns of quiltings are not as plentiful as designs for the patchwork tops of quilts; only about eight or ten standard patterns being in general use. The simplest pattern consists of "single diagonal" lines, spaced to suit the work in hand. The lines are run diagonally across the quilt instead of parallel with the weave, in order that they may show to better advantage, and also because the cloth is less apt to tear or pull apart than if the quilting lines are run in the same direction as the threads of the fabric. The elaboration of the "single" diagonal into sets of two or more parallel lines, thus forming the "double" and "triple" diagonals, is the first step toward ornamentation in quilting. A further advance is made when the quilting lines are crossed, by means of which patterns like the "square," "diamond," and "hanging diamond" are produced.

#### [Illustration: THE SUNFLOWER QUILT

Shows a realistic, bold design of vivid colouring. The border is harmonious, suggesting a firm foundation for the stems. The quilting in the centre is a design of spider webs, leaves, and flowers]

Wavy lines and various arrangements of hoops, circles, and segments of circles are among the more complex quilting patterns, which are not particularly difficult. Plates and saucers of various diameters are always available to serve as markers in laying out such designs. The "pineapple," "broken plaid," and "shell" patterns are very popular, especially with those who are more experienced in the art. One very effective design used by many quilters is known as the "Ostrich Feather." These so-called feathers are arranged in straight bands, waved lines, or circles, and--when the work is well done--are very

beautiful. The "fan" and "twisted rope" patterns are familiar to the older quilters but are not much used at the present time.

[Illustration: QUILTING DESIGNS

- (a) Rope
- (b) Shell
- (c) Fan]

[Illustration: QUILTING DESIGNS

- (a) Feathers in Bands
- (b) Feathers in Waved Lines
- (c) Feathers in Circles]

Frequently the quilting design follows the pieced or patched pattern and is then very effective, especially when a floral pattern is used. Some quilters show much originality and ingenuity in incorporating into their work the outlines of the flowers and leaves of the quilt design. Sometimes the pieced top is of such common material as to seem an unworthy basis for the beautiful work of an experienced quilter, who stitches with such patient hand, wasting, some may think, her art upon too poor a subject. However, for the consolation of those who consider quilting a wicked waste of time, it may be added that nowadays expert quilters are very few indeed, and enthusiasts who have spent weeks piecing a beautiful quilt have been known to wait a year before being able to get it quilted by an expert in this art.

On the thin cotton quilts that have the elaborate quilting designs and are the pride of the owner, the quilting is done with fine cotton thread, about number seventy. The running stitch used in quilting should be as small and even as it is possible for the quilter to make. This is a very difficult feat to accomplish, since the quilt composed of two thicknesses of cloth with an interlining of cotton is stretched so tightly in the frame that it is quite difficult to push the needle through. Also the quilter, while bending over the frame with one hand above and one hand below, is in a somewhat unnatural strained position. It requires much patience to acquire the knack of sitting in the rather uncomfortable quilter's position without quickly tiring.

Skill and speed in quilting can be acquired only through much practice. Perfect quilting cannot be turned out by a novice in the art, no matter how skilful she may be at other kinds of needlework. The patience and skill of the quilter are especially taxed when, in following the vagaries of some design, she is forced to quilt lines that extend away from her instead of toward her. As the result of many years spent over the quilting frame, some quilters acquire an unusual



dexterity in handling the needle, and occasionally one is encountered who can quilt as well with one hand as with the other.

[Illustration: ORIGINAL DESIGNS FROM OLD QUILTS]

[Illustration: CHARTER OAK

With the American eagle in the border]

[Illustration: PUFFED QUILT OF SILK

This is a very popular pieced quilt, composed of carefully saved bits of silks and velvets]

Quilting is usually paid for by the amount of thread used, no consideration being given to the amount of time expended on the work. A spool of cotton thread, such as is found in every dry-goods store, averaging two hundred yards to the spool, is the universal measure. The price charged is more a matter of locality than excellence of workmanship. A certain price will prevail in one section among all quilters there, while in another, not far removed, two or three times that price will be asked for the same work. When many of the old quilts, now treasured as remembrances of our diligent and ambitious ancestors, were made, one dollar per spool was the usual price paid for quilting. However, as the number of quilters has decreased, the price of quilting has increased, until as much as five dollars per spool is now asked in some parts of the country. Even at the advanced prices, it is exceedingly difficult to find sufficient quilters to complete the many pieced and appliqué quilts being made.

After the space of some twelve inches, which is as far as the quilter can reach conveniently, has been quilted, the completed portion is rolled up on the side of the frame nearest the quilter. From the other side another section is then unrolled and marked for quilting, and quilted as far as the worker can reach. Thus quilting and rolling are continued until the whole quilt is gone over, after which it is taken from the frame and the edges neatly bound with a narrow piece of bias material, either white or of some harmonizing colour. Since all of the stitches are taken entirely through the quilt, the design worked into the top is repeated on the lining, so that the back makes a white spread of effective pattern in low relief. Very often the back or reverse side is as beautiful as the top, and many lovely quilts have ended their years of service as white counterpanes during that period when the vogue for white beds reigned. Now, however, owners are glad to display them in all their gorgeousness, and they no longer masquerade as white bedspreads.

Occasionally the date of making and the initials of the maker are quilted in a corner, but it is seldom that even this much is visible to tell of the quilt's origin. How interesting it would be if some bits of the story of the maker could have been sewed into a few of the old quilts; for such works of art, that are so long in making, deserve to have some facts relating to them live at least as long as they.

When a bedcover of exceptional warmth is desired, several sheets of cotton or wool prepared for that purpose are laid one over the other between the top and back. As this is too thick to allow a needle to be pushed through easily, and even stitches cannot be taken, then quilting gives way to tying or knotting. Threads of silk, cotton, linen, or wool are drawn through with coarse needles and the ends tied in tight, firm knots. These knots are arranged at close, regular intervals to prevent the interlining from slipping out of place. To this kind of covering is applied the very appropriate name of "comfort." Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and all of Scandinavia use quilted down and feather comforts. In fact, the down comfort has become international in its use. It is found in almost every home in the colder regions of Europe and America, and on chilly nights is a comfort indeed. They are usually made in one colour and, aside from the quilting, which is in bold, artistic designs, are without other decoration. The quilting on down comforts is done by machines made expressly for that work.

Quilting is not confined to the making of quilts. The petticoats worn by the women of Holland are substantial affairs made of either woollen cloth or satin, as the purse permits, heavily interlined and elaborately quilted. The Dutch belle requires from four to nine of these skirts to give her the figure typical of her country. Both the Chinese and Japanese make frequent use of quilting in their thickly padded coats and kimonos, and it may be that from them the early Dutch voyagers and traders brought back the custom to Holland.

[Illustration:

- (a) Design from an Old English Quilt
- (b) Medallion Design
- (c) Pineapple Design]

[Illustration: VARIEGATED HEXAGON, SILK

Colours: cherry, light blue, pink, black, and a yellow centre]

[Illustration: ROMAN STRIPE, SILK]

A knowledge of the simplest form of sewing is all that is necessary to piece quilts. The running stitch used for narrow seams is the first stitch a beginner learns. There are other stitches needed to make a patchwork quilt, which frequently develops into quite an elaborate bit of needlework. The applied designs should always be neatly hemmed to the foundation; some, however, are embroidered and the edges of the designs finished with a buttonhole stitch, and other fancy stitches may be introduced.

In quilt making, as in every other branch of needlework, much experience is required to do good work. It takes much time and practice to acquire accuracy in cutting and arranging all the different pieces. A discriminating eye for harmonizing colours is also a great advantage. But above all requirements the quilt maker must be an expert needleworker, capable of making the multitude of tiny stitches with neatness and precision if she would produce the perfect quilt.

Appreciation of nature is an attribute of many quilt makers, as shown by their efforts to copy various forms of leaf and flower. There are many conventionalized floral patterns on appliqué quilts that give evidence of much ability and originality in their construction. For the pioneer woman there was no convenient school of design, and when she tired of the oft-repeated quilt patterns of her neighbourhood she turned to her garden for suggestions. The striking silhouettes of familiar blossoms seen on many quilts are the direct result of her nature study.

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## THE QUATERNARY

Project Gutenberg's *The Elements of Geology*, by William Harmon Norton

The last period of geological history, the Quaternary, may be said to have begun when all, or nearly all, living species of mollusks and most of the existing mammals had appeared.

It is divided into two great epochs. The first, the \_Pleistocene\_ or \_Glacial epoch\_, is marked off from the Tertiary by the occupation of the northern parts of North America and Europe by vast ice sheets; the second, the \_Recent epoch\_, began with the disappearance of the ice sheets from these continents, and merges into the present time.

## The Pleistocene Epoch

We now come to an episode of unusual interest, so different was it from most of the preceding epochs and from the present, and so largely has it influenced the conditions of man's life.

The records of the Glacial epoch are so plain and full that we are compelled to believe what otherwise would seem almost incredible,--that following the mild climate of the Tertiary came a succession of ages when ice fields, like that of Greenland, shrouded the northern parts of North America and Europe and extended far into temperate latitudes.

=The drift.= Our studies of glaciers have prepared us to decipher and interpret the history of the Glacial epoch, as it is recorded in the surface deposits known as the drift. Over most of Canada and the northern states this familiar formation is exposed to view in nearly all cuttings which pass below the surface soil. The drift includes two distinct classes of deposits,--the unstratified drift laid down by glacier ice, and the stratified drift spread by glacier waters.

The materials of the drift are in any given place in part unlike the rock on which it rests. They cannot be derived from the underlying rock by weathering, but have been brought from elsewhere. Thus where a region is underlain by sedimentary rocks, as is the drift-covered area from the Hudson River to the Missouri, the drift contains not only fragments of limestone, sandstone, and shale of local derivation, but also pebbles of many igneous and metamorphic rocks, such as granites, gneisses, schists, dike rocks, quartzites, and the quartz of mineral veins, whose nearest source is the Archean area of Canada and the states of our northern border. The drift received its name when it was supposed that the formation had been drifted by floods and icebergs from outside sources,--a theory long since abandoned.

[Illustration: Fig. 352. Stratified Drift overlaying  
Unstratified Drift, Massachusetts]

The distribution also of the drift points clearly to its peculiar origin. Within the limits of the glaciated area it covers the country without regard to the relief, mantling with its debris not only lowlands and valleys but also highlands and mountain slopes.

The boundary of the drift is equally independent of the relief of the land, crossing hills and plains impartially, unlike water-laid deposits, whose margins, unless subsequently deformed, are horizontal. The boundary of the drift is strikingly lobate also, bending outward

in broad, convex curves, where there are no natural barriers in the topography of the country to set it such a limit. Under these conditions such a lobate margin cannot belong to deposits of rivers, lakes, or ocean, but is precisely that which would mark the edge of a continental glacier which deployed in broad tongues of ice.

=The rock surface underlying the drift.= Over much of its area the drift rests on firm, fresh rock, showing that both the preglacial mantle of residual waste and the partially decomposed and broken rock beneath it have been swept away. The underlying rock, especially if massive, hard, and of a fine grain, has often been ground down to a smooth surface and rubbed to a polish as perfect as that seen on the rock beside an Alpine glacier where the ice has recently melted back. Frequently it has been worn to the smooth, rounded hummocks known as roches moutonnées, and even rocky hills have been thus smoothed to flowing outlines like roches moutonnées on a gigantic scale. The rock pavement beneath the drift is also marked by long, straight, parallel scorings, varying in size from deep grooves to fine striae as delicate as the hair lines cut by an engraver's needle. Where the rock is soft or closely jointed it is often shattered to a depth of several feet beneath the drift, while stony clay has been thrust in among the fragments into which the rock is broken.

In the presence of these glaciated surfaces we cannot doubt that the area of the drift has been overridden by vast sheets of ice which, in their steady flow, rasped and scored the rock bed beneath by means of the stones with which their basal layers were inset, and in places plucked and shattered it.

=Till.= The unstratified portion of the drift consists chiefly of sheets of dense, stony clay called till, which clearly are the ground moraines of ancient continental glaciers. Till is an unsorted mixture of materials of all sizes, from fine clay and sand, gravel, pebbles, and cobblestones, to large boulders. The stones of the till are of many kinds, some having been plucked from the bed rock of the locality where they are found, and others having been brought from outside and often distant places. Land ice is the only agent known which can spread unstratified material in such extensive sheets.

The fine material of the till comes from two different sources. In part it is derived from old residual clays, which in the making had been leached of the lime and other soluble ingredients of the rock from which they weathered. In part it consists of sound rock ground fine; a drop of acid on fresh, clayey till often proves by brisk effervescence that the till contains much undecayed limestone flour. The ice sheet, therefore, both scraped up the mantle of long-weathered waste which covered the country before its coming, and also ground

heavily upon the sound rock underneath, and crushed and wore to rock flour the fragments which it carried.

The color of unweathered till depends on that of the materials of which it is composed. Where red sandstones have contributed largely to its making, as over the Triassic sandstones of the eastern states and the Algonkian sandstones about Lake Superior, the drift is reddish. When derived in part from coaly shales, as over many outcrops of the Pennsylvanian, it may when moist be almost black. Fresh till is normally a dull gray or bluish, so largely is it made up of the grindings of unoxidized rocks of these common colors.

Except where composed chiefly of sand or coarser stuff, unweathered till is often exceedingly dense. Can you suggest by what means it has been thus compacted? Did the ice fields of the Glacial epoch bear heavy surface moraines like the medial and lateral moraines of valley glaciers? Where was the greater part of the load of these ice fields carried, judging from what you know of the glaciers of Greenland?

=Boulders of the drift.= The pebbles and boulders of the drift are in part stream gravels, boulders of weathering, and other coarse rock waste picked up from the surface of the country by the advancing ice, and in part are fragments plucked from ledges of sound rock after the mantle of waste had been removed. Many of the stones of the till are dressed as only glacier ice can do; their sharp edges have been blunted and their sides faceted and scored.

We may easily find all stages of this process represented among the pebbles of the till. Some are little worn, even on their edges; some are planed and scored on one side only; while some in their long journey have been ground down to many facets and have lost much of their original bulk. Evidently the ice played fast and loose with a stone carried in its basal layers, now holding it fast and rubbing it against the rock beneath, now loosening its grasp and allowing the stone to turn.

Boulders of the drift are sometimes found on higher ground than their parent ledges. Thus boulders have been left on the sides of Mount Katahdin, Maine, which were plucked from limestone ledges twelve miles distant and three thousand feet lower than their resting place. In other cases stones have been carried over mountain ranges, as in Vermont, where pebbles of Burlington red sandstone were dragged over the Green Mountains, three thousand feet in height, and left in the Connecticut valley sixty miles away. No other geological agent than glacier ice could do this work.

The boulders of the drift are often large. Boulders ten and twenty

feet in diameter are not uncommon, and some are known whose diameter exceeds fifty feet. As a rule the average size of boulders decreases with increasing distance from their sources. Why?

=Till plains.= The surface of the drift, where left in its initial state, also displays clear proof of its glacial origin. Over large areas it is spread in level plains of till, perhaps boulder-dotted, similar to the plains of stony clay left in Spitzbergen by the recent retreat of some of the glaciers of that island. In places the unstratified drift is heaped in hills of various kinds, which we will now describe.

[Illustration: Fig. 354. Map of a portion of a Drumlin Area near Oswego, New York]

=Drumlins.= Drumlins are smooth, rounded hills composed of till, elliptical in base, and having their longer axes parallel to the movement of the ice as shown by glacial scorings. They crowd certain districts in central New York and in southern Wisconsin, where they may be counted by the thousands. Among the numerous drumlins about Boston is historic Bunker Hill.

Drumlins are made of ground moraine. They were accumulated and given shape beneath the overriding ice, much as are sand bars in a river, or in some instances were carved, like roches moutonnées, by an ice sheet out of the till left by an earlier ice invasion.

=Terminal moraines.= The glaciated area is crossed by belts of thickened drift, often a mile or two, and sometimes even ten miles and more, in breadth, which lie transverse to the movement of the ice and clearly are the terminal moraines of ancient ice sheets, marking either the limit of their farthest advance or pauses in their general retreat.

[Illustration: Fig. 355. Terminal Moraine, Staten Island]

The surface of these moraines is a jumble of elevations and depressions, which vary from low, gentle swells and shallow sags to sharp hills, a hundred feet or so in height, and deep, steep-sided hollows. Such tumultuous hills and hummocks, set with depressions of all shapes, which usually are without outlet and are often occupied by marshes, ponds, and lakes, surely cannot be the work of running water. The hills are heaps of drift, lodged beneath the ice edge or piled along its front. The basins were left among the tangle of morainic knolls and ridges (Fig. 105) as the margin of the ice moved back and forth. Some bowl-shaped basins were made by the melting of a mass of ice left behind by the retreating glacier and buried in its debris.

[Illustration: Fig. 356. Esker, New York]

=The stratified drift.= Like modern glaciers the ice sheets of the Pleistocene were ever being converted into water about their margins. Their limits on the land were the lines where their onward flow was just balanced by melting and evaporation. On the surface of the ice along the marginal zone, rivulets no doubt flowed in summer, and found their way through crevasses to the interior of the glacier or to the ground. Subglacial streams, like those of the Malaspina glacier, issued from tunnels in the ice, and water ran along the melting ice front as it is seen to do about the glacier tongues of Greenland. All these glacier waters flowed away down the chief drainage channels in swollen rivers loaded with glacial waste.

It is not unexpected therefore that there are found, over all the country where the melting ice retreated, deposits made of the same materials as the till, but sorted and stratified by running water. Some of these were deposited behind the ice front in ice-walled channels, some at the edge of the glaciers by issuing streams, and others were spread to long distances in front of the ice edge by glacial waters as they flowed away.

Eskers are narrow, winding ridges of stratified sand and gravel whose general course lies parallel with the movement of the glacier. These ridges, though evidently laid by running water, do not follow lines of continuous descent, but may be found to cross river valleys and ascend their sides. Hence the streams by which eskers were laid did not flow unconfined upon the surface of the ground. We may infer that eskers were deposited in the tunnels and ice-walled gorges of glacial streams before they issued from the ice front.

[Illustration: Fig. 357. Kames, New York]

Kames are sand and gravel knolls, associated for the most part with terminal moraines, and heaped by glacial waters along the margin of the ice.

[Illustration: Fig. 358. Diagram Illustrating the Formation of Kame Terraces]

i, glacier ice; t, t, terraces]

Kame terraces are hummocky embankments of stratified drift sometimes found in rugged regions along the sides of valleys. In these valleys long tongues of glacier ice lay slowly melting. Glacial waters took their way between the edges of the glaciers and the hillside, and here



deposited sand and gravel in rude terraces.

Outwash plains are plains of sand and gravel which frequently border terminal moraines on their outward face, and were spread evidently by outwash from the melting ice. Outwash plains are sometimes pitted by bowl-shaped basins where ice blocks were left buried in the sand by the retreating glacier.

Valley trains are deposits of stratified drift with which river valleys have been aggraded. Valleys leading outward from the ice front were flooded by glacial waters and were filled often to great depths with trains of stream-swept drift. Since the disappearance of the ice these glacial flood plains have been dissected by the shrunken rivers of recent times and left on either side the valley in high terraces. Valley trains head in morainic plains, and their material grows finer down valley and coarser toward their sources. Their gradient is commonly greater than that of the present rivers.

=The extent of the drift.= The extent of the drift of North America and its southern limits are best seen in Figure 359. Its area is reckoned at about four million square miles. The ice fields which once covered so much of our continent were all together ten times as large as the inland ice of Greenland, and about equal to the enormous ice cap which now covers the antarctic regions.

The ice field of Europe was much smaller, measuring about seven hundred and seventy thousand square miles.

=Centers of dispersion.= The direction of the movement of the ice is recorded plainly in the scorings of the rock surface, in the shapes of glaciated hills, in the axes of drumlins and eskers, and in trains of boulders, when the ledges from which they were plucked can be discovered. In these ways it has been proved that in North America there were three centers where ice gathered to the greatest depth, and from which it flowed in all directions outward. There were thus three vast ice fields,--one the Cordilleran, which lay upon the Cordilleras of British America; one the Keewatin, which flowed out from the province of Keewatin, west of Hudson Bay; and one the Labrador ice field, whose center of dispersion was on the highlands of the peninsula of Labrador. As shown in Figure 359, the western ice field extended but a short way beyond the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where perhaps it met the far-traveled ice from the great central field. The Keewatin and the Labrador ice fields flowed farthest toward the south, and in the Mississippi valley the one reached the mouth of the Missouri and the other nearly to the mouth of the Ohio. In Minnesota and Wisconsin and northward they merged in one vast field.

[Illustration: Fig. 359. Hypothetical Map of the Pleistocene Ice Sheets of North America

From Salisbury's *Glacial Geology of New Jersey*]

The thickness of the ice was so great that it buried the highest mountains of eastern North America, as is proved by the transported boulders which have been found upon their summits. If the land then stood at its present height above sea level, and if the average slope of the ice were no more than ten feet to the mile,--a slope so gentle that the eye could not detect it and less than half the slope of the interior of the inland ice of Greenland,--the ice plateaus about Hudson Bay must have reached a thickness of at least ten thousand feet.

In Europe the Scandinavian plateau was the chief center of dispersion. At the time of greatest glaciation a continuous field of ice extended from the Ural Mountains to the Atlantic, where, off the coasts of Norway and the British Isles, it met the sea in an unbroken ice wall. On the south it reached to southern England, Belgium, and central Germany, and deployed on the eastern plains in wide lobes over Poland and central Russia (Fig. 360).

[Illustration: Fig. 360. Hypothetical Map of the Pleistocene Ice Sheet of Europe]

At the same time the Alps supported giant glaciers many times the size of the surviving glaciers of to-day, and a piedmont glacier covered the plains of northern Switzerland.

=The thickness of the drift.= The drift is far from uniform in thickness. It is comparatively thin and scanty over the Laurentian highlands and the rugged regions of New England, while from southern New York and Ontario westward over the Mississippi valley, and on the great western plains of Canada, it exceeds an average of one hundred feet over wide areas, and in places has five and six times that thickness. It was to this marginal belt that the ice sheets brought their loads, while northwards, nearer the centers of dispersion, erosion was excessive and deposition slight.

=Successive ice invasions and their drift sheets.= Recent studies of the drift prove that it does not consist of one indivisible formation, but includes a number of distinct drift sheets, each with its own peculiar features. The Pleistocene epoch consisted, therefore, of several glacial stages,--during each of which the ice advanced far southward,--together with the intervening interglacial stages when,

under a milder climate, the ice melted back toward its sources or wholly disappeared.

[Illustration: Fig. 361. Diagram illustrating Criteria by which Different Drift Sheets are distinguished]

The evidences of such interglacial stages, and the means by which the different drift sheets are told apart, are illustrated in Figure 361. Here the country from N to S is wholly covered by drift, but the drift from N to \_m\_ is so unlike that from \_m\_ to S that we may believe it the product of a distinct ice invasion and deposited during another and far later glacial stage. The former drift is very young, for its drainage is as yet immature, and there are many lakes and marshes upon its surface; the latter is far older, for its surface has been thoroughly dissected by its streams. The former is but slightly weathered, while the latter is so old that it is deeply reddened by oxidation and is leached of its soluble ingredients such as lime. The younger drift is bordered by a distinct terminal moraine, while the margin of the older drift is not thus marked. Moreover, the two drift sheets are somewhat unlike in composition, and the different proportion of pebbles of the various kinds of rocks which they contain shows that their respective glaciers followed different tracks and gathered their loads from different regions. Again, in places beneath the younger drift there is found the buried land surface of an older drift with old soils, forest grounds, and vegetable deposits, containing the remains of animals and plants, which tell of the climate of the interglacial stage in which they lived.

By such differences as these the following drift sheets have been made out in America, and similar subdivisions have been recognized in Europe.

- 5 The Wisconsin formation
- 4 The Iowan formation
- 3 The Illinoian formation
- 2 The Kansan formation
- 1 The pre-Kansan or Jerseyan formation

In New Jersey and Pennsylvania the edge of a deeply weathered and eroded drift sheet, the Jerseyan, extends beyond the limits of a much younger overlying drift. It may be the equivalent of a deep-buried basal drift sheet found in the Mississippi valley beneath the Kansan and parted from it by peat, old soil, and gravel beds.

The two succeeding stages mark the greatest snowfall of the Glacial epoch. In Kansan times the Keewatin ice field slowly grew southward until it reached fifteen hundred miles from its center of dispersion

and extended from the Arctic Ocean to northeastern Kansas. In the Illinoian stage the Labrador ice field stretched from Hudson Straits nearly to the Ohio River in Illinois. In the Iowan and the Wisconsin, the closing stages of the Glacial epoch, the readvancing ice fields fell far short of their former limits in the Mississippi valley, but in the eastern states the Labrador ice field during Wisconsin times overrode for the most part all earlier deposits, and, covering New England, probably met the ocean in a continuous wall of ice which set its bergs afloat from Massachusetts to northern Labrador.

We select for detailed description the Kansan and the Wisconsin formations as representatives, the one of the older and the other of the younger drift sheets.

[Illustration: Fig. 362. Photograph of Relief Map of the United States at the Time of the Wisconsin Ice Invasion

By the courtesy of E. E. Howell, Washington, D.C.]

=The Kansan formation.= The Kansan drift consists for the most part of a sheet of clayey till carrying smaller boulders than the later drift. Few traces of drumlins, kames, or terminal moraines are found upon the Kansan drift, and where thick enough to mask the preexisting surface, it seems to have been spread originally in level plains of till.

The initial Kansan plain has been worn by running water until there are now left only isolated patches and the narrow strips and crests of the divides, which still rise to the ancient level. The valleys of the larger streams have been opened wide. Their well-developed tributaries have carved nearly the entire plain to valley slopes (Figs. 50 B, and 59). The lakes and marshes which once marked the infancy of the region have long since been effaced. The drift is also deeply weathered. The till, originally blue in color, has been yellowed by oxidation to a depth of ten and twenty feet and even more, and its surface is sometimes rusted to terra-cotta red. To a somewhat less depth it has been leached of its lime and other soluble ingredients. In the weathered zone its pebbles, especially where the till is loose in texture, are sometimes so rotted that granites may be crumbled with the fingers. The Kansan drift is therefore old.

[Illustration: Fig. 363. Plain of Wisconsin Drift, Iowa]

=The Wisconsin formation.= The Wisconsin drift sheet is but little weathered and eroded, and therefore is extremely young. Oxidation has effected it but slightly, and lime and other soluble plant foods remain undissolved even at the grass roots. Its river systems are still in their infancy (Fig. 50, A). Swamps and peat bogs are abundant

on its undrained surface, and to this drift sheet belong the lake lands of our northern states and of the Laurentian peneplain of Canada.

The lake basins of the Wisconsin drift are of several different classes. Many are shallow sags in the ground moraine. Still more numerous are the lakes set in hollows among the hills of the terminal moraines; such as the thousands of lakelets of eastern Massachusetts. Indeed, the terminal moraines of the Wisconsin drift may often be roughly traced on maps by means of belts of lakes and ponds. Some lakes are due to the blockade of ancient valleys by morainic debris, and this class includes many of the lakes of the Adirondacks, the mountain regions of New England, and the Laurentian area. Still other lakes rest in rock basins scooped out by glaciers. In many cases lakes are due to more than one cause, as where preglacial valleys have both been basined by the ice and blockaded by its moraines. The Finger lakes of New York, for example, occupy such glacial troughs.

Massive \_terminal moraines\_, which mark the farthest limits to which the Wisconsin ice advanced, have been traced from Cape Cod and the islands south of New England, across the Appalachians and the Mississippi valley, through the Dakotas, and far to the north over the plains of British America. Where the ice halted for a time in its general retreat, it left \_recessional moraines\_, as this variety of the terminal moraine is called. The moraines of the Wisconsin drift lie upon the country like great festoons, each series of concentric loops marking the utmost advance of broad lobes of the ice margin and the various pauses in their recession.

Behind the terminal moraines lie wide till plains, in places studded thickly with drumlins, or ridged with an occasional esker. Great outwash plains of sand and gravel lie in front of the moraine belts, and long valley trains of coarse gravels tell of the swift and powerful rivers of the time.

=The loess of the Mississippi valley.= A yellow earth, quite like the loess of China, is laid broadly as a surface deposit over the Mississippi valley from eastern Nebraska to Ohio outside the boundaries of the Iowan and the Wisconsin drift. Much of the loess was deposited in Iowan times. It is younger than the earlier drift sheets, for it overlies their weathered and eroded surfaces. It thickens to the Iowan drift border, but is not found upon that drift. It is older than the Wisconsin, for in many places it passes underneath the Wisconsin terminal moraines. In part the loess seems to have been washed from glacial waste and spread in sluggish glacial waters, and in part to have been distributed by the wind from plains of aggrading glacial streams.

[Illustration: Fig. 364. Bank of Loess, Iowa]

=The effects of the ice invasions on rivers.= The repeated ice invasions of the Pleistocene profoundly disarranged the drainage systems of our northern states. In some regions the ancient valleys were completely filled with drift. On the withdrawal of the ice the streams were compelled to find their way, as best they could, over a fresh land surface, where we now find them flowing on the drift in young, narrow channels. But hundreds of feet below the ground the well driller and the prospector for coal and oil discover deep, wide, buried valleys cut in rock,--the channels of preglacial and interglacial streams. In places the ancient valleys were filled with drift to a depth of a hundred feet, and sometimes even to a depth of four hundred and five hundred feet. In such valleys, rivers now flow high above their ancient beds of rock on floors of valley drift. Many of the valleys of our present rivers are but patchworks of preglacial, interglacial, and postglacial courses (Fig. 366). Here the river winds along an ancient valley with gently sloping sides and a wide alluvial floor perhaps a mile or so in width, and there it enters a young, rock-walled gorge, whose rocky bed may be crossed by ledges over which the river plunges in waterfalls and rapids.

[Illustration: Fig. 365. Preglacial Drainage, Upper Ohio Valley

After Chamberlain and Leverett]

[Illustration: Fig. 366. A Patchwork Valley

\_a\_ and \_a'\_, ancient courses still occupied by the river;  
\_b\_, postglacial gorge; \_c\_, ancient course now filled with drift]

In such cases it is possible that the river was pushed to one side of its former valley by a lobe of ice, and compelled to cut a new channel in the adjacent uplands. A section of the valley may have been blockaded with morainic waste, and the lake formed behind the barrier may have found outlet over the country to one side of the ancient drift-filled valley. In some instances it would seem that during the waning of the ice sheets, glacial streams, while confined within walls of stagnant ice, cut down through the ice and incised their channels on the underlying country, in some cases being let down on old river courses, and in other cases excavating gorges in adjacent uplands.

=Pleistocene lakes.= Temporary lakes were formed wherever the ice front dammed the natural drainage of the region. Some, held in the minor valleys crossed by ice lobes, were small, and no doubt many were too short-lived to leave lasting records. Others, long held against

the northward sloping country by the retreating ice edge, left in their beaches their clayey beds, and their outlet channels permanent evidences of their area and depth. Some of these glacial lakes are thus known to have been larger than any present lake.

Lake Agassiz, named in honor of the author of the theory of continental glaciation, is supposed to have been held by the united front of the Keewatin and the Labrador ice fields as they finally retreated down the valley of the Red River of the North and the drainage basin of Lake Winnipeg. From first to last Lake Agassiz covered a hundred and ten thousand square miles in Manitoba and the adjacent parts of Minnesota and North Dakota,--an area larger than all the Great Lakes combined. It discharged its waters across the divide which held it on the south, and thus excavated the valley of the Minnesota River. The lake bed--a plain of till--was spread smooth and level as a floor with lacustrine silts. Since Lake Agassiz vanished with the melting back of the ice beyond the outlet by the Nelson River into Hudson Bay, there has gathered on its floor a deep humus, rich in the nitrogenous elements so needful for the growth of plants, and it is to this soil that the region owes its well-known fertility.

=The Great Lakes.= The basins of the Great Lakes are broad preglacial river valleys, warped by movements of the crust still in progress, enlarged by the erosive action of lobes of the continental ice sheets, and blockaded by their drift. The complicated glacial and postglacial history of the lakes is recorded in old strand lines which have been traced at various heights about them, showing their areas and the levels at which their waters stood at different times.

With the retreat of the lobate Wisconsin ice sheet toward the north and east, the southern and western ends of the basins of the Great Lakes were uncovered first; and here, between the receding ice front and the slopes of land which faced it, lakes gathered which increased constantly in size.

The lake which thus came to occupy the western end of the Lake Superior basin discharged over the divide at Duluth down the St. Croix River, as an old outlet channel proves; that which held the southern end of the basin of Lake Michigan sent its overflow across the divide at Chicago via the Illinois River to the Mississippi; the lake which covered the lowlands about the western end of Lake Erie discharged its waters at Fort Wayne into the Wabash River.

The ice still blocked the Mohawk and St. Lawrence valleys on the east, while on the west it had retreated far to the north. The lakes become confluent in wide expanses of water, whose depths and margins, as shown by their old lake beaches, varied at different times with the

position of the confining ice and with warpings of the land. These vast water bodies, which at one or more periods were greater than all the Great Lakes combined, discharged at various times across the divide at Chicago, near Syracuse, New York, down the Mohawk valley, and by a channel from Georgian Bay into the Ottawa River. Last of all the present outlet by the St. Lawrence was established.

The beaches of the glacial lakes just mentioned are now far from horizontal. That of the lake which occupied the Ontario basin has an elevation of three hundred and sixty-two feet above tide at the west and of six hundred and seventy-five feet at the northeast, proving here a differential movement of the land since glacial times amounting to more than three hundred feet. The beaches which mark the successive heights of these glacial lakes are not parallel; hence the warping began before the Glacial epoch closed. We have already seen that the canting of the region is still in progress.

=The Champlain subsidence.= As the Glacial epoch approached its end, and the Labrador ice field melted back for the last time to near its source, the land on which the ice had lain in eastern North America was so depressed that the sea now spread far and wide up the St. Lawrence valley. It joined with Lake Ontario, and extending down the Champlain and Hudson valleys, made an island of New England and the maritime provinces of Canada.

The proofs of this subsidence are found in old sea beaches and sea-laid clays resting on Wisconsin till. At Montreal such terraces are found six hundred and twenty feet above sea level, and along Lake Champlain--where the skeleton of a whale was once found among them--at from five hundred to four hundred feet. The heavy delta which the Mohawk River built at its mouth in this arm of the sea now stands something more than three hundred feet above sea level. The clays of the Champlain subsidence pass under water near the mouth of the Hudson, and in northern New Jersey they occur two hundred feet below tide. In these elevations we have measures of the warping of the region since glacial times.

=The western United States in glacial times.= The western United States was not covered during the Pleistocene by any general ice sheet, but all the high ranges were capped with permanent snow and nourished valley glaciers, often many times the size of the existing glaciers of the Alps. In almost every valley of the Sierras and the Rockies the records of these vanished ice streams may be found in cirques, glacial troughs, roches moutonnées, and morainic deposits.

It was during the Glacial epoch that Lakes Bonneville and Lahontan were established in the Great Basin, whose climate must then have been



much more moist than now.

[Illustration: Fig. 367. A Valley in the Driftless Area]

=The driftless area.= In the upper Mississippi valley there is an area of about ten thousand square miles in southwestern Wisconsin and the adjacent parts of Iowa and Minnesota, which escaped the ice invasions. The rocks are covered with residual clays, the product of long preglacial weathering. The region is an ancient peneplain, uplifted and dissected in late Tertiary times, with mature valleys whose gentle gradients are unbroken by waterfalls and rapids. Thus the driftless area is in strong contrast with the immature drift topography about it, where lakes and waterfalls are common. It is a bit of preglacial landscape, showing the condition of the entire region before the Glacial epoch.

The driftless area lay to one side of the main track of both the Keewatin and the Labrador ice fields, and at the north it was protected by the upland south of Lake Superior, which weakened and retarded the movement of the ice.

South of the driftless area the Mississippi valley was invaded at different times by ice sheets from the west,--the Kansan and the Iowan,--and again by the Illinoian ice sheet from the east. Again and again the Mississippi River was pushed to one side or the other of its path. The ancient channel which it held along the Illinoian ice front has been traced through southeastern Iowa for many miles.

[Illustration: Fig. 368. Cross Section of a Valley in Eastern Iowa]

\_a\_, country rock; \_b\_, Kansan till; \_c\_, loess; \_t\_, terrace of reddish sands and decayed pebbles above reach of present stream; \_s\_, stream; \_fp\_, flood plain of \_s\_. What is the age of rock-cut valley and of the alluvium which partially fills it, compared with that of the Kansan till? with that of the loess? Give the complete history recorded in the section.]

=Benefits of glaciation.= Like the driftless area, the preglacial surface over which the ice advanced seems to have been well dissected after the late Tertiary uplifts, and to have been carved in many places to steep valley slopes and rugged hills. The retreating ice sheets, which left smooth plains and gently rolling country over the wide belt where glacial deposition exceeded glacial erosion, have made travel and transportation easier than they otherwise would have been.

The preglacial subsoils were residual clays and sands, composed of the insoluble elements of the country rock of the locality, with some

minglings of its soluble parts still undissolved. The glacial subsoils are made of rocks of many kinds, still undecayed and largely ground to powder. They thus contain an inexhaustible store of the mineral foods of plants, and in a form made easily ready for plant use.

On the preglacial hillsides the humus layer must have been comparatively thin, while the broad glacial plains have gathered deep black soils, rich in carbon and nitrogen taken from the atmosphere. To these soils and subsoils a large part of the wealth and prosperity of the glaciated regions of our country must be attributed.

The ice invasions have also added very largely to the water power of the country. The rivers which in preglacial times were flowing over graded courses for the most part, were pushed from their old valleys and set to flow on higher levels, where they have developed waterfalls and rapids. This power will probably be fully utilized long before the coal beds of the country are exhausted, and will become one of the chief sources of the national wealth.

=The Recent epoch.= The deposits laid since glacial times graduate into those now forming along the ocean shores, on lake beds, and in river valleys. Slow and comparatively slight changes, such as the warpings of the region of the Great Lakes, have brought about the geographical conditions of the present. The physical history of the Recent epoch needs here no special mention.

### The Life of the Quaternary

During the entire Quaternary, invertebrates and plants suffered little change in species,--so slowly are these ancient and comparatively simple organisms modified. The Mammalia, on the other hand, have changed much since the beginning of Quaternary time: the various species of the present have been evolved, and some lines have become extinct. These highly organized vertebrates are evidently less stable than are lower types of animals, and respond more rapidly to changes in the environment.

=Pleistocene mammals.= In the Pleistocene the Mammalia reached their culmination both in size and in variety of forms, and were superior in both these respects to the mammals of to-day. In Pleistocene times in North America there were several species of bison,--one whose widespreading horns were ten feet from tip to tip,--a gigantic moose elk, a giant rodent (*Castoroides*) five feet long, several species of musk oxen, several species of horses,--more akin, however, to zebras than to the modern horse,--a huge lion, several saber-tooth tigers, immense edentates of several genera, and largest of all the mastodon

and mammoth.

[Illustration: Fig. 369. Megatherium]

[Illustration: Fig. 370. Glyptodon]

The largest of the edentates was the Megatherium, a clumsy ground sloth bigger than a rhinoceros. The bones of the Megatherium are extraordinarily massive,--the thigh bone being thrice as thick as that of an elephant,--and the animal seems to have been well able to get its living by overthrowing trees and stripping off their leaves. The Glyptodon was a mailed edentate, eight feet long, resembling the little armadillo. These edentates survived from Tertiary times, and in the warmer stages of the Pleistocene ranged north as far as Ohio and Oregon.

The great proboscideans of the Glacial epoch were about the size of modern elephants, and somewhat smaller than their ancestral species in the Pliocene. The Mastodon ranged over all North America south of Hudson Bay, but had become extinct in the Old World at the end of the Tertiary. The elephants were represented by the Mammoth, which roamed in immense herds from our middle states to Alaska, and from Arctic Asia to the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

It is an oft-told story how about a century ago, near the Lena River in Siberia, there was found the body of a mammoth which had been safely preserved in ice for thousands of years, how the flesh was eaten by dogs and bears, and how the eyes and hoofs and portions of the hide were taken with the skeleton to St. Petersburg. Since then several other carcasses of the mammoth, similarly preserved in ice, have been found in the same region,--one as recently as 1901. We know from these remains that the animal was clothed in a coat of long, coarse hair, with thick brown fur beneath.

[Illustration: Fig. 371. Skull of Musk Ox, from Pleistocene Deposits, Iowa]

=The distribution of animals and plants.= The distribution of species in the Glacial epoch was far different from that of the present. In the glacial stages arctic species ranged south into what are now temperate latitudes. The walrus thrived along the shores of Virginia and the musk ox grazed in Iowa and Kentucky. In Europe the reindeer and arctic fox reached the Pyrenees. During the Champlain depression arctic shells lived along the shore of the arm of the sea which covered the St. Lawrence valley. In interglacial times of milder climate the arctic fauna-flora retreated, and their places were taken by plants and animals from the south. Peccaries, now found in Texas,

ranged into Michigan and New York, while great sloths from South America reached the middle states. Interglacial beds at Toronto, Canada, contain remains of forests of maple, elm, and papaw, with mollusks now living in the Mississippi basin.

What changes in the forests of your region would be brought about, and in what way, if the climate should very gradually grow colder? What changes if it should grow warmer?

On the Alps and the highest summits of the White Mountains of New England are found colonies of arctic species of plants and insects. How did they come to be thus separated from their home beyond the arctic circle by a thousand miles and more of temperate climate impossible to cross?

=Man.= Along with the remains of the characteristic animals of the time which are now extinct there have been found in deposits of the Glacial epoch in the Old World relics of Pleistocene \_Man\_, his bones, and articles of his manufacture. In Europe, where they have best been studied, human relics occur chiefly in peat bogs, in loess, in caverns where man made his home, and in high river terraces sometimes eighty and a hundred feet above the present flood plains of the streams.

In order to understand the development of early man, we should know that prehistoric peoples are ranked according to the materials of which their tools were made and the skill shown in their manufacture. There are thus four well-marked stages of human culture preceding the written annals of history:

- 4 The Iron stage.
- 3 The Bronze stage.
- 2 The Neolithic (recent stone) stage.
- 1 The Paleolithic (ancient stone) stage.

In the Neolithic stage the use of the metals had not yet been learned, but tools of stone were carefully shaped and polished. To this stage the North American Indian belonged at the time of the discovery of the continent. In the Paleolithic stage, stone implements were chipped to rude shapes and left unpolished. This, the lowest state of human culture, has been outgrown by nearly every savage tribe now on earth. A still earlier stage may once have existed, when man had not learned so much as to shape his weapons to his needs, but used chance pebbles and rock splinters in their natural forms; of such a stage, however, we have no evidence.

[Illustration: Fig. 372. Paleolithic Implement from Great Britain]

=Paleolithic man in Europe.= It was to the Paleolithic stage that the earliest men belonged whose relics are found in Europe. They had learned to knock off two-edged flakes from flint pebbles, and to work them into simple weapons. The great discovery had been made that fire could be kindled and made use of, as the charcoal and the stones discolored by heat of their ancient hearths attest. Caves and shelters beneath overhanging cliffs were their homes or camping places. Paleolithic man was a savage of the lowest type, who lived by hunting the wild beasts of the time.

Skeletons found in certain caves in Belgium and France represent perhaps the earliest race yet found in Europe. These short, broad-shouldered men, muscular, with bent knees and stooping gait, low-browed and small of brain, were of little intelligence and yet truly human.

The remains of Pleistocene man are naturally found either in caverns, where they escaped destruction by the ice sheets, or in deposits outside the glaciated area. In both cases it is extremely difficult, or quite impossible, to assign the remains to definite glacial or interglacial times. Their relative age is best told by the fauna with which they are associated. Thus the oldest relics of man are found with the animals of the late Tertiary or early Quaternary, such as a species of hippopotamus and an elephant more ancient than the mammoth. Later in age are the remains found along with the mammoth, cave bear and cave hyena, and other animals of glacial time which are now extinct; while more recent still are those associated with the reindeer, which in the last ice invasion roamed widely with the mammoth over central Europe.

[Illustration: Fig. 373. Paleolithic Sketch on Ivory of the Mammoth]

=The caves of southern France.= These contain the fullest records of the race, much like the Eskimos in bodily frame, which lived in western Europe at the time of the mammoth and the reindeer. The floors of these caves are covered with a layer of bone fragments, the remains of many meals, and here are found also various articles of handicraft. In this way we know that the savages who made these caves their homes fished with harpoons of bone, and hunted with spears and darts tipped with flint and horn. The larger bones are split for the extraction of the marrow. Among such fragments no split human bones are found; this people, therefore, were not cannibals. Bone needles imply the art of sewing, and therefore the use of clothing, made no doubt of skins; while various ornaments, such as necklaces of shells, show how ancient is the love of personal adornment. Pottery was not yet invented. There is no sign of agriculture. No animals had yet been domesticated; not even man's earliest friend, the dog. Certain implements, perhaps used

as the insignia of office, suggest a rude tribal organization and the beginnings of the state. The remains of funeral feasts in front of caverns used as tombs point to a religion and the belief in a life beyond the grave. In the caverns of southern France are found also the beginnings of the arts of painting and of sculpture. With surprising skill these Paleolithic men sketched on bits of ivory the mammoth with his long hair and huge curved tusks, frescoed their cavern walls with pictures of the bison and other animals, and carved reindeer on their dagger heads.

[Illustration: Fig. 374. Restoration of Head of *Pithecanthropus erectus*]

=Early man on other continents.= Paleolithic flints curiously like those of western Europe are found also in many regions of the Old World,--in India, Egypt, and Asia Minor,--beneath the earliest vestiges of the civilization of those ancient seats, and sometimes associated with the fauna of the Glacial epoch.

In Java there were found in 1891, in strata early Quaternary or late Pliocene in age, parts of a skeleton of lower grade, if not of greater antiquity, than any human remains now known. *Pithecanthropus erectus*, as the creature has been named, walked erect, as its thigh bone shows, but the skull and teeth indicate a close affinity with the ape.

In North America there have been reported many finds of human relics in valley trains, loess, old river gravels buried beneath lava flows, and other deposits of supposed glacial age; but in the opinion of some geologists sufficient proof of the existence of man in America in glacial times has not as yet been found.

These finds in North America have been discredited for various reasons. Some were not made by scientific men accustomed to the closest scrutiny of every detail. Some were reported after a number of years, when the circumstances might not be accurately remembered; while in a number of instances it seems possible that the relics might have been worked into glacial deposits by natural causes from the surface.

Man, we may believe, witnessed the great ice fields of Europe, if not of America, and perhaps appeared on earth under the genial climate of preglacial times. Nothing has yet been found of the line of man's supposed descent from the primates of the early Tertiary, with the possible exception of the Java remains just mentioned. The structures of man's body show that he is not descended from any of the existing genera of apes. And although he may not have been exempt from the law of evolution,--that method of creation which has made all life on

earth akin,--yet his appearance was an event which in importance ranks with the advent of life upon the planet, and marks a new manifestation of creative energy upon a higher plane. There now appeared intelligence, reason, a moral nature, and a capacity for self-directed progress such as had never been before on earth.

=The Recent epoch.= The Glacial epoch ends with the melting of the ice sheets of North America and Europe, and the replacement of the Pleistocene mammalian fauna by present species. How gradually the one epoch shades into the other is seen in the fact that the glaciers which still linger in Norway and Alaska are the lineal descendants or the renewed appearances of the ice fields of glacial times.

Our science cannot foretell whether all traces of the Great Ice Age are to disappear, and the earth is to enjoy again the genial climate of the Tertiary, or whether the present is an interglacial epoch and the northern lands are comparatively soon again to be wrapped in ice.

=Neolithic man.= The wild Paleolithic men vanished from Europe with the wild beasts which they hunted, and their place was taken by tribes, perhaps from Asia, of a higher culture. The remains of Neolithic man are found, much as are those of the North American Indians, upon or near the surface, in burial mounds, in shell heaps (the refuse heaps of their settlements), in peat bogs, caves, recent flood-plain deposits, and in the beds of lakes near shore where they sometimes built their dwellings upon piles.

The successive stages in European culture are well displayed in the peat bogs of Denmark. The lowest layers contain the polished \_stone\_ implements of Neolithic man, along with remains of the \_Scotch fir\_. Above are \_oak\_ trunks with implements of \_bronze\_, while the higher layers hold \_iron\_ weapons and the remains of a \_beech\_ forest.

Neolithic man in Europe had learned to make pottery, to spin and weave linen, to hew timbers and build boats, and to grow wheat and barley. The dog, horse, ox, sheep, goat, and hog had been domesticated, and, as these species are not known to have existed before in Europe, it is a fair inference that they were brought by man from another continent of the Old World. Neolithic man knew nothing of the art of extracting the metals from their ores, nor had he a written language.

The Neolithic stage of culture passes by insensible gradations into that of the age of bronze, and thus into the Recent epoch.

In the Recent epoch the progress of man in language, in social organization, in the arts of life, in morals and religion, has left ample records which are for other sciences than ours to read; here,

therefore, geology gives place to archæology and history.

Our brief study of the outlines of geology has given us, it is hoped, some great and lasting good. To conceive a past so different from the present has stimulated the imagination, and to follow the inferences by which the conclusions of our science have been reached has exercised one of the noblest faculties of the mind,--the reason. We have learned to look on nature in new ways: every landscape, every pebble now has a meaning and tells something of its origin and history, while plants and animals have a closer interest since we have traced the long lines of their descent. The narrow horizons of human life have been broken through, and we have caught glimpses of that immeasurable reach of time in which nebulae and suns and planets run their courses. Moreover, we have learned something of that orderly and world-embracing progress by which the once uninhabitable globe has come to be man's well-appointed home, and life appearing in the lowliest forms has steadily developed higher and still higher types. Seeing this process enter human history and lift our race continually to loftier levels, we find reason to believe that the onward, upward movement of the geological past is the manifestation of the same wise Power which makes for righteousness and good and that this unceasing purpose will still lead on to nobler ends.

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## Quartz.

Project Gutenberg's *Common Minerals and Rocks*, by William O. Crosby

Oxide of silicon or silica: oxygen, 53.33; silicon, 46.67; = 100. Hexagonal system. The most common form is a hexagonal prism terminated by a hexagonal pyramid. Also coarsely and finely granular to perfectly compact, like flint; the compact or cryptocrystalline varieties often assuming botryoidal, stalactitic, and concretionary forms. It has no cleavage, but usually breaks with an irregular, conchoidal fracture like glass. Hardness, 7, being No. 7 of the scale; scratches glass easily. Sp. gr., 2.5-2.8. Lustre, vitreous. Pure quartz is colorless or white, but by admixture of impurities it may be of almost any color. Streak always white or light colored. Quartz is usually, as in specimen 15, transparent and glassy, but may be translucent or opaque. It is almost absolutely infusible and insoluble.

The varieties of quartz are very numerous, but they may be arranged in two great groups:



1. Phenocrystalline or vitreous varieties, including rock-crystal, amethyst, rose quartz, yellow quartz, smoky quartz, milky quartz, ferruginous quartz, etc.

2. Cryptocrystalline or compact varieties, including chalcedony, carnelian, agate, onyx, jasper, flint, chert, etc. Only three varieties, however, are of any great geological importance; these are: common glassy quartz (spec. 15), flint (spec. 16), and chert.

Quartz is one of the most important constituents of the earth's crust, and it is also the hardest and most durable of all common minerals. We have already observed (p. 12) that it is entirely unaltered by exposure to the weather; i.e., it cannot be decomposed; and, being very hard, the same mechanical wear which, assisted by more or less chemical decomposition, reduces softer minerals to an impalpable powder or clay, must leave the quartz chiefly in the form of sand and gravel. This agrees with our observation that sand (spec. 30), especially, is usually merely pulverized quartz.

Opal is a mineral closely allied to quartz, and may be mentioned in this connection. It is of similar composition, but contains from 5 to 20 per cent. of water, and is decidedly softer and lighter. Hardness, 5.5-6.5; sp. gr., 1.9-2.3.

Quartzite. This rock is simply an unusually hard sandstone. Now the hardness of any rock depends upon two things: (1) the hardness of the individual grains or particles; and (2) the firmness with which they are united one to another. Therefore, the hardest sandstones must be those in which grains of quartz are combined with an abundant siliceous cement; and that is precisely what we have in a typical quartzite, such as specimen 33. Quartzite is distinguished, in the hand-specimen, from ordinary quartz by its granular texture (compare specimens 15 and 33); and of course in large masses the stratification is an important distinguishing feature.

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## Appeal [Questions of Order].

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Robert's Rules of Order*, by Henry M. Robert

A Question of Order takes precedence of the question giving rise to it, and must be decided by the presiding officer without debate. If a member objects to the decision, he says, "I appeal from the decision of the Chair." If the Appeal is seconded,

the Chairman immediately states the question as follows: "Shall the decision of the Chair stand as the judgement of the assembly?"\* [The word Assembly can be replaced by Society, Convention, Board, etc., according to the name of the organization.] This Appeal yields to Privileged Questions [§ 9]. It cannot be amended; it cannot be debated when it relates simply to indecorum [§ 36], or to transgressions of the rules of speaking, or to the priority of business, or if it is made while the previous question [§ 20] is pending. When debatable, no member is allowed to speak but once, and whether debatable or not, the presiding officer, without leaving the Chair, can state the reasons upon which he bases his decision. The motions to Lie on the Table [§ 19], or for the Previous Question [§ 20], can be applied to an Appeal, when it is debatable, and when adopted they affect nothing but the Appeal. The vote on an Appeal may also be reconsidered [§ 27]. An Appeal is not in order when another Appeal is pending.

It is the duty of the presiding officer to enforce the rules and orders of the assembly, without debate or delay. It is also the right of every member, who notices a breach of a rule to insist upon its enforcement. In such cases he shall rise from his seat, and say, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order." The speaker should immediately take his seat, and the Chairman requests the member to state his point of order, which he does, and resumes his seat. The Chair decides the point, and then, if no appeal is taken, permits the first member to resume his speech. If the member's remarks are decided to be improper, and any one objects to his continuing his speech, he cannot continue it without a vote of the assembly to that effect. Instead of the method just described, it is usual, when it is simply a case of improper language used in debate, for a member to say, "I call the gentleman to order;" the Chairman decides whether the speaker is in or out of order, and proceeds as before. The Chairman can ask the advice of members when he has to decide questions of order, but the advice must be given sitting, to avoid the appearance of debate; or the Chair, when unable to decide the question, may at once submit it to the assembly. The effect of laying an appeal on the table, is to sustain, at least for the time, the decision of the Chair, and does not carry to the table the question which gave rise to the question of order.

15. Objection to the Consideration of a Question. An objection can be made to any principal motion [§ 6], but only when it is first introduced, before it has been debated. It is similar to a question of order [§ 14,] in that it can be made while another member has the floor, and does not require a second; and as the Chairman can call a member to order, so can he put this question if he deems it necessary, upon his own responsibility. It can not be debated [§ 35] or have any subsidiary motion [§ 7] applied to it. When a motion is made and any member

"objects to its consideration," the Chairman shall immediately put the question, "Will the assembly consider it?" or, "Shall the question be considered"[or discussed]? If decided in the negative by a two-thirds vote [§ 39], the whole matter is dismissed for that session [§ 42]; otherwise the discussion continues as if this question had never been made.

The Object of this motion is not to cut off debate (for which other motions are provided, see § 37), but to enable the assembly to avoid altogether any question which it may deem irrelevant, unprofitable or contentious.\* [In Congress, the introduction of such questions could be temporarily prevented by a majority vote under the 41st Rule of the House of Representatives, which is as follows: "Where any motion or proposition is made, the question, 'Will the House now consider it?' shall not be put unless it is demanded by some member, or is deemed necessary by the Speaker." The English use the "Previous Question," for a similar purpose [see note to § 20]. The question of consideration is seldom raised in Congress, but in assemblies with very short sessions, where but few questions can or should be considered, it seems a necessity that two-thirds of the assembly should be able to instantly throw out a question they do not wish to consider. The more common form, in ordinary societies, of putting this question, is, "Shall the question be discussed?" The form to which preference is given in the rule conforms more to the Congressional one, and is less liable to be misunderstood.]

Reading Papers. [For the order of precedence, see § 8.] Where papers are laid before the assembly, every member has a right to have them once read before he can be compelled to vote on them, and whenever a member asks for the reading of any such paper, evidently for information, and not for delay, the Chair should direct it to be read, if no one objects. But a member has not the right to have anything read (excepting stated above) without getting permission from the assembly.

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**Q**Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Queer, the Quaint and the Quizzical*, by Frank H. Stauffer

\_Queen Elizabeth's "Oone Gospell Booke."\_

This book is a precious object to the virtuoso. It was the work of Queen Catherine Parr, and was enclosed in solid gold. It hung by a gold chain at her side, and was the frequent companion of the "Virgin Queen." In her own handwriting, at the beginning of the volume, the following quaint lines appear

"I walke many times into the pleasaunt fieldes of the Holie Scriptures, where I plucke up the goodliesome herbes of sentences by pruning; eate them by readinge; chawe them by musing; and laye them up at length in ye state of memorie by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the lesse perceave the bitterness of this miserable life."

This was penned by the Queen, probably while she was in captivity at Woodstock, as the spirit it breathed affords a singular contrast to the towering haughtiness of her ordinary deportment.

#### \_Don Quixote's Sheep.\_

Don Quixote's mistaking two flocks of sheep for two armies is not without parallel. In Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, written 1516, the hero, in his madness, falls foul of a flock of sheep.

Still more ancient is "Ajax Mad," a tragedy founded on the madness of Ajax, because of the armor of Hector being awarded to Ulysses instead of himself. In his insanity, Ajax fell upon a flock of sheep, driven at night into the camp, supposing it to be an army led by Ulysses and the sons of Atreus. On discovering his mistake he stabs himself.

#### \_Quaint Recipes.\_

The following recipes are taken from a work entitled "New Curiosities in Art and Nature, or a collection of the most valuable Secrets in all Arts and Sciences. Composed and Experimented by Sieur Lemery, Apothecary to the French King. London, 1711."

\_To Make one Wake or Sleep.\_ You must cut off, dexterously, the head of a toad alive, and at once, and let it dry, observing that one eye be shut and the other open; that which is found open makes one wake, and that shut causes sleep, by carrying it about one.

\_Preservative against the Plague.\_ Take three or four great toads, seven or eight spiders, and as many scorpions, put them into a pot well stopp'd, and let them lye some time; then add virgin-wax, make a good fire till all become a liquor; then mingle them all with a spatula, and make an ointment, and put it into a silver box well stopp'd, being well assured that while you carry it about you, you will never be infected with the plague.

These recipes indicate the delusion which prevailed with respect to certain nostrums as late as 1711.

### Queen Elizabeth's Dresses.

The list of the queen's wardrobe, in 1600, shows us that she had then only 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns (round, loose and French), 136 fore parts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 safe guards, 85 doublets, 18 lap mantles.

### The Queen's Vow.

Catherine de Medicis made a vow, that if some enterprises which she had undertaken terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim on foot to Jerusalem, and that at every three steps he advanced he should go one step back. A citizen of Verberic offered to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupulously, and her majesty promised him an adequate recompense. She was well assured, by constant inquiries, that he fulfilled his engagement with exactness, and on his return he received a considerable sum of money and was ennobled.

### Queer Arctic Music.

One of the greatest curiosities in the arctic regions is the music which the traveler has with him wherever he goes. The moisture exhaled from his body is at once condensed and frozen, and falls to the ground in the form of hard spikes of crystals, which keep up a constant and not unpleasing clatter.

### Queen Anne's Farthings.

The farthings of Queen Anne have attained a celebrity from the large prices sometimes given for them by collectors. Their rarity, however, has been much overrated; it was, indeed, long a popular notion that only three farthings were struck in her reign, of which two were in public keeping, while a third was still going about, and, if recovered, would bring a fabulous price. The Queen Anne farthings were designed by a German named Crocker or Croker, principal engraver to the mint. They were only patterns of an intended coin, and, though never put into circulation, are by no means exceedingly rare.

### Queer Evidence of Divinity.

Among the ancients the voluntary motion of inanimate objects was considered an evidence of their divinity. When Juno paid her celebrated visit to Vulcan, she found him engaged in the manufacture of tripods,

which moved about and performed their office with a bustling air of zealous activity

"Full twenty tripods for his hall be framed,  
That, placed on living wheels of massive gold,  
Wondrous to tell, instinct with spirit, roll'd  
From place to place around the blest abodes,  
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods."

#### Queer Place to Secrete a Diamond.

An old gentleman recently died at Brussels who has solved in his will a problem which his friends could never quite unravel. He came home after a few years absence abroad, some time ago, with plenty of pecuniary means, though when he left Brussels he went literally to seek his fortune, since he had none on starting. In his will, before he specifies his bequests, of which there are several very liberal ones to friends, relatives, and also to charitable institutions, he tells for the first time how he became possessed of his wealth. He went to Asia and engaged himself as a day laborer in the mines, and while working there found a diamond of large size and great value. He at once made a deep cut in the calf of his leg, where he secreted the gem. Of course, the limb became very sore and lame, and led to his being permitted to leave the mine unsuspected. Having reached a safe locality, he removed the stone and the sore healed up. He worked his way to Amsterdam, where he sold the diamond for \$80,000. This money, put at interest, not only afforded him a good living, but enabled him to go on accumulating. The precious stone is now one of the crown diamonds of Russia.

#### Queer Legend about Fish.

Most of the flat-fish, such as the flounder, plaice, sole, &c., are white or colorless on one side and dark colored on the other. Naturalists account for this by saying that these fish live at the bottom of the sea, dark side uppermost, to prevent their being easily seen by the ocean monsters that devour them. The Egyptians give another explanation. They tell that Moses was once cooking a flat-fish, and when it had been broiled on one side, the fire or the oil gave out, and Moses angrily threw the fish into the sea, where, though half broiled, it became as lively as ever, and its descendants have retained its parti-colored appearance to the present day, being white on one side and brown or black on the other.

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# QUESTION OF COMFORT

By LES COLLINS

## Transcriber's Note

*This Project Gutenberg etext was produced from \_Amazing Science Fiction Stories\_ March 1959. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed. Minor spelling and typographical errors have been corrected without note.*

\_The Gravity Gang was a group of geniuses--devoting its brilliance to creating a realistic Solar System for Disneyland. That was the story, anyway. No one would have believed all that stuff about cops and robbers from outer space.\_

My job, finished now, had been getting them to Disneyland. The problem was bringing one in particular--one I had to find. The timing was uncomfortably close.

I'd taken the last of the yellow pills yesterday, tossing the bottle away with a sort of indifferent frustration. I won or lost on the validity of my logic--and whether I'd built a better mousetrap.

The pills had given me 24 hours before the fatal weakness took hold; nevertheless, I waited as long as I could. That left me less than an hour, now; strangely, as I walked in the eerie darkness of an early morning, virtually deserted Disneyland, I felt calm. And yet, my life depended on the one I sought being inside the Tour building.

I was seeking a monster of terrible potential, yet so innocuous looking that he'd not stand out. I couldn't produce him, couldn't say where in the world he was. Nevertheless he was the basis, the motivation second only to mine. I took the long, hard way--three years--making him come to me.

Two years were devoted to acclimatization, learning, and then swinging this job: just to put the idea across.

Assigned to Disneyland Public Relations in the offices at Burbank, I'd begun with the usual low-pay, low-level jobs. I didn't, couldn't mind; at least I had a foot in the right door. Within six months, I reached a point where I could present the idea.

It had enough merit. My boss--35 years' experience enabled him to recognize a good idea--took it to his boss who took it to The Boss.

Tomorrowland is the orphan division of Disneyland, thrown in as sop to those interested more in the future than the past. My idea was to sex up Tomorrowland: Tour the Solar System.

Not really, but we'd bill it that way. The Tour of the Solar System Building was to be large. Its rooms would reproduce environments of parts of the System, as best we knew them.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll never forget the first planning session when we realists were underdogs, yet swung the basic direction. By then, the Hollywood Mind had appeared. The Hollywood Mind is definitely a real thing, a vicious thing, a blank thing, that paternalistically insists It knows what the public wants.

There was general agreement on broad outlines. Trouble began over Venus.

"Of course," said one of the Minds, "we'll easily create a swampy environment--"

I burst out with quiet desperation: "May I comment?"

The realists were churning. Right there, sides were being chosen. I let all know my side immediately.

"Venus is hot, but it's desert heat. Continuous dust storms with fantastic winds--"

"People'd never go for that junk," interrupted the Mind. "Everyone knows Venus is swampy."

"Everyone whose reading tastes matured no further than Edgar Rice Burroughs!"

The Mind, with a if-you-know-so-much-why-aintcha-rich look, sneered, "How come you know all about it?"



Speechless, I spread my hands. This joker was leading with his chin, forcing the fight. I had to hit him again; if I lost, I lost good. "A person," I said slowly and rhythmically, "with normal intelligence and a minute interest in the universe, will keep step with the major sciences, at least on an elementary level. I must stress the qualification of normal intelligence."

The Mind, face contorted, was determined to get me. I was in a very vulnerable spot; more important, so was the idea.

Mind began an emotional tirade, and mentally I damned him. It couldn't have mattered to him what environment we used, but he was politicking where he shouldn't.

There was silence when he stopped. This was the crux; The Boss would decide. I held my breath.

He said, "We'll make it hot and dusty." The realists had won; the rest climbed on the bandwagon but quick; and the temple was cleansed.

It was natural--because at the moment I was fair-haired--for the project to become mine. God knows, I worked hard for it. I'd have to watch the Mind, though; he would make things as difficult as possible.

However, he'd proved he was the one person I wasn't seeking. One down and 2,499,999,999 to go.

Within a few days, a new opposition coalition formed, headed by the Mind. Fortunately, they helped. I'd hesitated on one last point. Pushed. I gambled the momentum of the initial enthusiasm would carry it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Originally the plan was a series of rooms, glassed off, that people could stare into. There was something much better; engineering and I spent 36 hours straight, figuring costs, juggling space and equipment, until the modification didn't look too expensive--juggling is always possible in technical proposals. For the results, the cost was worth it. I hand-carried the proposal in.

Why not take people through the rooms? We could even design a simulated, usable spacesuit. There'd be airlock doors between the rooms for effectiveness, insulation, economy. No children under ten allowed; no adults over 50. They'd go through in groups of 10 or 11.

Sure, I realized this was the most elaborate, most ambitious concession ever planned. The greatest ever attempted in its line, it would

cost--both us and the public. But people will pay for value. They'd go for a buck-and-a-half or even two; the lines of those filing past the windows, at 50 cents a crack, would also bring in the dough.

They bought it. Not all--they nixed my idea of creating exact environmental conditions; and I didn't insist, luck and Hollywood being what they are.

From the first, I established a special group to work on one problem. They were dubbed the Gravity Gang, and immediately after, the GG. I hired them for the gravity of the situation, a standard gag that, once uttered, became as trite as the phrase. The Tour's realism would be affected by normal weight sensations.

The team consisted of a female set designer--who'd turn any male head--from the Studio, a garage mechanic with 30 years' experience, an electronics engineer, a science fiction writer, and the prettiest competent secretary available. I found Hazel, discovering with delight she'd had three years of anthropology at UCLA.

As soon as they assembled, I explained their job: find a way to give the illusion of lessened gravity.

Working conditions would be the best possible--why I'd wanted the women pretty--and their time was their own. I found the GG responded by working 10 hours a day and thinking another 14. They were that sort.

I couldn't know the GG was foredoomed to failure by its very collective nature; nor could I know, by its nature, the GG meant the difference between my success and failure.

The opposition put one over; we'd started referring to the job as Tour of the System Project. Next day, it was going the rounds as TS project. Words, words, and men will always fight with words.

Actually, the initials were worthy of the name. The engineering problems mounted like crazy. Words, words, and one of them got to the outside world. Or maybe it was the additional construction crew we hired.

One logical spot for the building was next to the moon flight. The Tour building now would be bigger than first planned, so we extended it southeasterly. This meant changing the roadbed of the Santa Fe & Disneyland R.R. It put me up to my ears in plane surveying--and gave me a nasty shock.

I looked up at someone's shout, in time to see a ton of cat rolling down the embankment at me.

\* \* \* \* \*

What we were doing was easy. Using a spiral to transition gradually from tangent to circular curve and from circular curve to tangent. Easy?

Yeah. Sure.

If this was my baby, I'd damned well better know its personality traits. I was out with the surveyors, I was out with the construction gang, I was out at the wrong time.

As the yellow beast, mindless servant of man, thundered down, I dove for the rocks. Thank God for the rocks--we'd had to import them: the soil in Orange County is fine for oranges, but too soft for train roadbeds.

Choking on the dust, I rolled over. The cat perched, grinning drunkenly, on the rocks. The opposition or an accident? Surely the Mind wasn't \_that\_ desperate. But I was; I had to keep the idea alive, for myself as well as completion of the original mission.

Several million hands pulled me out; several million more patted away the dust. Motionless, I'd just seen the driver of the cat. Seen him--and was sorry.

He stood tall but hunched over; gaunt, with pasty skin, vapid eyes, and a kind of yellow-nondescript hair.

It wasn't the physical characteristics, very similar to mine, that bothered me--once after an incomplete pass, I'd been told by a young lady that I was a "thin, sallow lecher." I was swept by waves of impending trouble, more frightened of him than of the opposition in toto. Then, relieved, I realized the man wasn't the one I was expecting.

Back in my office, I wasn't allowed the luxury of nervous reaction. Our spacesuit man wanted an Ok on design changes. Changes? What changes?... Oh, yes, go ahead.

A materials man wanted to know about weight. I told him where to go--for the information.

A written progress report from the GG briefly, sardonically, said: "All the talk about increased costs and lowered budget has decided us to ask if any aircraft, missile, or AEC groups have come up with anti-gravity. It'd be a lot simpler that way. Love and kisses."

I shrugged, wrote them a memo to take a week off for fishing, wenching, or reading Van Es on the Pleistocene stratigraphy of Java. I didn't

care, as long as they returned with a fresh point of view.

Things were hectic already, less than four months after we'd started. And we hadn't much to show, except a shift in the roadbed of the SF & D RR. The opposition, growing stronger each day, could sit back and rest the case, with nothing more than a smug, needling, I-told-you-so look.

The day finally came when we broke ground for the building. It was quite an achievement, and I invited the GG to dinner. I'd been drawn to the bunch of screwballs--the only name possible--more and more. Maybe because they were my brain-child, or maybe because lately they were the only human company in which I could relax.

The Hotel is about a half-mile south of Disneyland. I arrived early, hoping to grab a ginger ale. Our set designer, Frank--christened Francis--caught me at the door.

"Wanted to buy you a drink. This is the first time we've met socially."

That was true; it was equally true something bothered her. Damn it! Trapped, I'd have to drink. We ordered, and I mulled it over. Waited, but she said nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drinks came. I shook several little, bright-yellow pills from the bottle, swallowed them, then drank. Frank cocked her head inquisitively.

"If you must know, they're for my ulcer."

"Didn't know you had one."

"Don't, but I'll probably get one, any day."

She laughed, and I drank again. I should do my drinking alone because I get boiled incredibly fast. It happened now. One second I was sober; the next, drunk.

Resting a cheek on a wobbly palm-and-elbow, I said, "Has everyone ever said you are the most beautiful--"

"Yes, but in your present state, it isn't a good idea for you to add to that number."

I shifted to the other forearm. "Frank, things might be different if I weren't a thin, sallow lecher."

"What a nice compliment--"

"Uh huh."

"Especially since I work for you, nominally anyway--"

"Uh huh, nominally."

"Bosses should not make passes  
At gals who work as lower classes."

"Uh, huh, familiar."

"But you are, and getting more so daily--"

"Uh hu--are what?" I asked in surprise.

"Thin, tired: the GG has decided you're working too hard."

"Because I don't use Vano." I grinned, having waited long to put that one across.

"Be serious and listen--"

"\_You\_ listen: if I'm working too hard, it's to finish. I \_must\_, and soon."

"This compulsion," she paced her words, "will kill you if you let it."

"It'll kill me if I don't let it--"

"Here comes Harry."

It was time. Blearily, I fumbled with the pills, spilled the bottle. Frank helped me gather them up, as Harry arrived.

He said, a look of worry on his gaunt, gray features, "The rest of us are waiting."

Concerned, Frank asked, "Think you're able?"

"Anytime you say," I answered, in a cold-sober monotone.

She flushed, knowing I was sober, not knowing certainly if I were serious.

\* \* \* \* \*

When we were seated, I said enthusiastically, "Chateaubriand tonight, gangsters."

The GG did not react as expected.

Dex, the electronics engineer, said quietly, "If it's steak when the ground is broken, what'll it be when the thing is finished?"

"A feast, for all the animals in the world--just like Suleiman-bin-Daoud." This, from the GG writer, Mel.

Their faces showed the same thing that bothered Frank.

Harry said, "We have something to do."

"Well, do it!" I tried weak joviality: "It can't be anything of earth-shaking gravity."

Hazel, long since accepted as a GG member, replied, "It's just that we're ... resigned."

"\_What?\_"

"We've produced nothing in months of sustained effort. That's why we're resigning," Dex replied disgustedly.

Frank touched my arm, said softly, "We've examined every angle. With the money available, it's just impossible to give a sensation of changed weight. And we know they've been pressuring you about us being on the payroll."

"Wait"--desperately--"if you pull out, everything will go. The opposition needs only something like this. Besides, the GG is the one bit of insanity I can depend on in a practical world, the prop for my judgment--"

Harry: "Clouded judgment."

Mel: "Expensive prop."

Having grown used to their friendly insults, I sensed their resolution weakening, felt the pendulum swinging back.

The waitress interrupted with news of an urgent phone call. It was the worst possible time for me to leave. And the news I got threw me. Feeling the weight of the world, I returned.

"Can't be in two places at once," I said bitterly. "Go ahead without me; I'm leaving."

"Wait a few minutes," Mel said, between bites of steak, "we want to resign. Sit down."

"Damn it, I can't! I spoke to The Boss. I've pulled a boo-boo, but big."

"What happened?"

"Bonestell will do the backgrounds, but he has to know what rocks we're putting in the rooms. What rocks are we? Anybody have an idea what the surface of Mars looks like? God, how could I have missed that?"

"Sit down," Dex said casually, "we want to resign."

Hazel added, "You can have your rocks in 24 hours. We worked it out weeks ago. I did read Van Es, and Harry has prospected, and Dex knows minerals, and Mel pushed his way through Tyrrell's 'Principles of Petrology'--"

"The science of rocks," Mel interrupted, between bites of steak.

"We got interested one day." Frank's pretty, dark eyes danced.

"We want to resign," Dex repeated casually, "so sit down."

I sat.

They began throwing the ball faster than I could catch: "No atmosphere on Mercury, then no oxidation; I insist there'd be no straight metals.... The asteroids? Ferromagnesian blocks of some kind--any basalts around here?... For Venus, grab a truckload of granodiorite--the spotted stuff--from the Sierra-Nevadas and tint it pink.... Lateritic soils for Mars? You crazy? Must have water and a subtropical climate...."

It hit me: a valid use for the GG, one that already saved money. Make them a brain team, trouble-shooters, or problem-solvers on questions that could not be solved.

I said, "Fine, go ahead. About your resignations--"

Mel said something indistinguishable--I'd caught him on a bite of steak.

Hazel, belligerent, demanded: "Are you asking \_us\_ to resign?"

Apparently I wasn't. So they stuck, and another crisis was met. Unfortunately, by then, I'd forgotten the shock and warning I got from the cat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Things moved swiftly, more easily. The GG took over, becoming, in effect, my staff. They'd become more: five different extensions of me, each capable of acting correctly. As a team, they meshed beautifully.

Too beautifully, at one point. Dex and Hazel were seeing eye-to-eye, even in the dark, and I worried about the effect on the others. I might as well have worried about the effect of a light bulb on the sun. They married or some such, refused time off, and the GG functioned, if anything, better. It was almost indecent the way the five got along together.

A new problem arose: temperature. We weren't reproducing actual temperatures, but the rooms needed a marked change, for reality's sake. I'd insisted on that, and having won the point, was stuck with it. It was after 2 A.M.; I was alone in the office.

The sound of the outer door closing startled me. Footsteps approached; I hurried to clean my desk, sweeping the bottle into the drawer.

"You're up too late. Go home." Frank had a nonarguable look in her eye. "You're supposed to be getting sleep."

"I am, far more than before you guys began helping, but--"

"But with all that extra sleep, you're looking worse."

"I don't \_need\_ any more sleep!" I said angrily, then tried diversion, "Been on a date?"

"Yes, but I thought I'd better check on you." She moved close to the desk, and I remembered the last time we'd been alone, in the bar. Now I was glad I wasn't drunk.

"What the devil are you up to?"

\* \* \* \* \*

She pawed through the desk drawers. "Finding what you tried to hide--"



"Wait, Frank!" I yelled, too late.

She looked at the bottle, then me, with a strange expression: a little pity--not patronizing--but mostly feminine understanding. "Soda pop? Of course. You don't like alcohol, do you?"

"No." Gruffly.

Her eyes blinked rapidly, as though holding back tears. "I know what's the matter with you; I \_really\_ know."

"There's nothing the matter with me that--"

"That beating this mess won't solve." We hadn't heard Mel enter. He leaned casually against the door. "Terrific idea for a story."

I shrugged. "Seems to be homecoming night."

"Not quite," he glanced at his watch, "but wait another few minutes."

He was right: Harry, out of breath, was the last of the GG to arrive.

"Now what?" I asked. "Surely this meeting isn't an accident?"

Dex said thoughtfully, "No, not really, but it is in the sense you mean. We didn't agree to appear tonight. Yet logically, it's time for the temperature problem--well, I guess each of us came down to help."

What could I do? That was the GG, characteristically, so we talked temperatures.

"What I was thinking," Harry began slowly, "was a sort of superthermostat." Harry, as usual, came to the right starting point.

Frank smiled, "That's right, especially considering layout. Venus and Mercury are hot; the others, cold. What about a control console that'll light when the rooms get outside normal temperature range? Then the operator--"

"Hey! Why an operator?" Mel questioned. "We ought to make this automatic." He grinned. "Giant computer ... can see it now: the brain comes alive, tries to destroy anyone turning it off--"

I asked: "Have you been \_reading\_ the stuff you write?" Funny enough for 3 A.M.

Dex said calmly, "We \_can\_ work this--in fact, we can tie it in pink

ribbons and forget it. An electronics outfit in Pasadena makes an automatic scanning and logging system. Works off punched-paper tape. We'll code the right poop, and the system will compare it with the actual raw data. Feedback will be to a master control servo that'll activate the heater or cooler. Now, we need the right pickup--"

I snapped my fingers. "Variable resistor bridge. Couple of resistors equal at the right temperature. There'll be a frequency change with changing temperature--better than a thermocouple, I think."

They looked at me as though I were butting in.

"You've been reading, too," Dex accused. "Ok, we'll use a temperature bulb. Trouble is, with this system, we'd better let it run continuously. That'll drive costs up."

Hazel asked, "Can't we use the heat, maybe to drive a compressor? The sudden expansion of air could cool the rest. Harry?"

Harry hadn't time to answer.

"What'll this cost?" I snapped.

"Roughly, 15 to 18 thousand," Dex replied.

"\_What?\_"

With fine impartiality, they ignored me completely. Harry continued, as though without interruption, "Ye-es, I guess a compressor-and-coolant system could be arranged ..."

\* \* \* \* \*

We broke up at 6 A.M. I took one of my pills, frowning at the bottle. Seemed to be emptying fast. Sleepily, I shook the thought off and faced the new day--little knowing the opposition had managed to skizzle us again.

The last displays were moons of Jupiter and Saturn; it was impossible to recreate tortured conditions of the planets themselves. Saturn's closest moon, Mimas, was picked.

Our grand finale: landing on Mimas with Saturn rising spectacularly out of the east. Mimas is in the plane of the rings, so they couldn't be obvious. We'd show enough, however, to make it damned impressive, and explain it by libration of the satellite.

The mechanics of realistically moving Saturn was rougher than a cob. And that's where the opposition fixed us. They claimed there wasn't enough drama in the tour. Let it end with a flash of light, a roar, and a meteor striking nearby.

The roar came from us. Mimas had no atmosphere--how could the meteor sound off or burn up? We finally compromised, permitting the meteor to hit.

We'd decided early the customers couldn't walk through. Mel first, Harry, then Dex, together produced an electric-powered, open runabout. The cart ran on treads in contact with skillfully hidden tracks, for the current channel. A futuristic touch, that--we'd say the cart ran on broadcast power.

The power source provided cart headlights, and made batteries unnecessary for the guide's walkie-talkie and the customers' helmet receivers.

Mimas' last section of track was on a vibrating platform. The cart tripped a switch; when the meteor supposedly hit, the platform would drop and rise three inches, fast, twisting while it did--"enough," Mel said grimly, "to shake the damned \_kishkas\_ out of 'em!"

We cracked that one, just in time for another. It began with Venus, as most of my problems had. We planned constant dust storms for Venus. Real quick, there'd be nothing left of the Bonestell's backgrounds but a blank wall, from mechanical erosion.

And how did we intend--?

Glass--

Too easily scratched. Lord, another one: how will the half-a-buck customers be able to see inside?

Glass and one of those silicon plastics?

Better, but--

Harry beat it: glass, plastic, \_and\_ a boundary layer of cold air, jetted down from the ceiling, in front of the background painting and back of the look-in window. I was glad, for lately, Harry had begun to age. Thin and gray, he showed the strain--as did all of us.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were sitting in an administration office at the park. I now recognized the symptoms; when the GG had no real problems, its collective mind usually turned to my health. I wouldn't admit it, but I felt a little peaked. Little? Hell, bone-tired, dog-weary pooped. Seemed every motion was effort, but soon it would end.

The phone rang. With the message, it was ended.

"Let's go, grouseketeers."

There was almost a pregnant pause. Six months: conception of the idea to delivery of finished product; six months, working together, fighting men, nature, and the perversity of inanimate objects--all of this now was done.

No one moved; Frank verbalized it: "I'm scared." She sounded scared.

"Better than being petrified, which I am," I answered. "But we might as well face it."

We dragged over to the TS building, an impressive structure.

The guide played it straight, told us exactly how to suit up. Then, in the cart, we edged into the tunnel that was the first lock, and--warned to set our filters--emerged onto the blinding surface of Mercury.

We felt the heat momentarily--Mercury and Venus were kept at a constant 140 F, the others at 0 F--but it was a deliberate thrill. Then cool air from the cart suit-connections began circulating.

Bonestell was magnificent, as always. Yellow landscape, spatter cones, glittering streaks that might be metal in the volcanic ground--created by dusting ground mica on wet glue to catch the reflection of the sun. It was a masterpiece.

The sun. Black sky holding a giant, blazing ball. Too damned yellow, but filtered carbon arcs were the best we could do.

Down, into the tunnel that was lock two. This next one ... Venus, obvious opposition point of attack, where we'd had the most trouble: Venus had to be right.

It was! A blast of wind struck us, and dust, swirling everywhere. We'd discovered there's no such thing as a sand storm--it's really dust--so we'd taken pains making things look right. Sand dunes were carefully cemented in place; dust rippling over gave the proper illusion.

Oddly shaped rocks, dimly seen, strengthened the impression of wind-abraded topography. Rocks were reddish, overlain by smears of bright yellow. Lot of trouble placing all that flowers of sulfur, but we postulated a liquid sulfur-sulfur dioxide-carbon dioxide cycle.

Overhead, a diffused, intense yellow light. The sun--we were on the daylight side.

I sighed, relaxed, knowing this one had worked out.

We gave the moon little time. For those who had become homesick, Earth was hanging magnificently in the sky. At a crater wall, we stopped, ostensibly to let souvenir hunters pick at small pieces of lunar rock without leaving the cart.

We'd argued hours on what type to use, till Mel dragged out his rock book. Most, automatically, had wanted basalt. However, the moon's density being low, heavier rocks are probably scarce--one good reason not to expect radioactive ores there. We finally settled for rhyolite and obsidian.

Stopping on the moon had another purpose. We kept the room temperature at 70 F, for heating and cooling economy; the transition from Venus to Mars was much simpler if ambient temperature dropped from 140 to 70 and from 70 to 0, rather than straight through the range.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next, a Martian polar cap, and we looked down a long canal that disappeared on the horizon. Water appeared to run uphill for that effect. The whole scene looked like an Arizona highway at dusk--what it should have. To our right, a suggestion of--damn the opposition's eyes--culture: a large stone whatzit. It was a jarring note.

We selected one of those nondescript asteroids with just enough diameter to show extreme curvature. Frank had done magnificently. I found myself hanging onto the cart. Headlights deliberately dimmed, on the rocky surface, the cart bumped wildly. The sky was black, broken only by little, hard chunks of light. No horizon. The feeling of being ready to drop was intense, possibly too much so.

Europa, then, in a valley of ice. We'd picked Jupiter's third moon because its frozen atmosphere permitted some eerie pseudo-ice sculpturing. As we moved, Jupiter appeared between breaks and peaks in the sheer wall. Worked nicely, seeing the monstrous planet distended overhead, like a gaily colored beach ball moving with us, as the moon from a train window. Unfortunately, the ice forms detracted somewhat.

Mimas, pitch black, then a glow. Stark landscape quickly becoming visible. Steep cliffs, rocky plain. Saturn rising. The rings, their shadow on the globe, the beauty of it, made me sit stunned, though I knew what to expect.

The guide warned us radar spotted an approaching object, probably a meteor. We ran, the cart at maximum speed--not much, really. It tore at you, wanting to stare at Saturn, wanting to duck.

Hit the special section, dropped and rose our three inches--one hell of a distance--and the tour was over. I kept thinking, insanely, that the meteor \_was\_ a perfect conflict touch.

We unsuited silently. Finally, Hazel breathed, "Hallelujah!" It was summation of success. There now remained but one thing: wait for the quarry to show.

I estimated the necessary time at four days and nights after opening. It was hard to wait, hard not to fidget under the watchful--the only word--eyes of the GG. They were up to something, undoubtedly. But there was something far more important: I'd narrowed the 2,499,999,999 down to five.

The one I sought was a member of the GG.

\* \* \* \* \*

Opening night brought Harry and Frank to my office. They tried to be casual, engaged me in desultory nothings. Frank looked reproachful--I was there too late.

The following night, Mel ambled in at midnight. He grinned, discussed a plot, suggested we go out for a beer, changed his mind, left.

The third night, I waited in the dark. Nor was I disappointed: Dex and Hazel showed.

"What do you want? It's 2 A.M.!"

There was a long regrouping pause; then Hazel said, "Dex has a fine idea."

"Well?"

"I've been thinking about gravity--"

"About time," I said sarcastically, disliking myself but hoping it would get rid of them, "we opened three days ago."

He ignored my petulance and grinned. "No, I meant anti-gravity. I think it's possible. If you had a superconductor in an inductance field--"

"Why tell me?"

"Thought you'd have some ideas."

I shook my head. "That's what I hired you for. My only idea right now is going to sleep."

Bewildered, they left.

And on the fourth night, no one came. So I headed for the Tour. Now, having risked everything on my logic, I was a dead pigeon if wrong. There were only minutes left.

I eased through the back door, heard our automation equipment humming. Despite darkness, I shortcuted, nearly reaching the door to the service hallway in back of the planetary rooms. There was a distinct click, and a flashlight blinded me. I waited, stifling a cry, knowing if it were he, death was next.

Death never spoke in such quiet, sweet tones. Frank asked, "What are you doing here?"

Frank, Frank, not you!

Surprise shocked me: the light, her voice, the sudden suspicion. Still, diversion and counterattack ... "Perhaps you've the explaining to do," I said nastily. "Why are you here?"

Her wide-eyed ingenuousness making me more suspicious, she answered, "Waiting to see if you'd appear." Then she stopped being truthful: "You forget we had a date--"

"We didn't have any damned date," I said flatly, hurting deep within.

"All right, I want to know why you're still driving yourself. It isn't work; that's finished."

The way she talked made me hopeful. Maybe she wasn't the one ... and then came fear. Frank, if he's here, you're in danger. The monster respects nothing we hold dear--law, property, dignity, life.

There was one way to find out: make her leave. I wrenched the flashlight from her, smashed it on the concrete floor. "I mean this: get the hell out of here, and stay out!"

She said, distastefully, "I've seen it happen, but never this fast. You've gone Hollywood, you're a genius, you're tremendous--forgetting other people who helped. Go ahead with your mysterious deal--and I hope we never meet again."

I struggled with ambivalence. This might be a trick; if not, Frank now hated me irreparably.

\* \* \* \* \*

No time to worry about human emotions, not any more. Nausea reminded me of the primary purpose. I continued down the dark hallway, listening for Frank's return, hoping she needn't die.

Light was unnecessary: I knew the right door. Because it started here, it would end here. Quickly, silently, I slipped inside the Venus room. With peculiar relief, I realized Frank wasn't it: my nose led me right to the monster.

In an ecstatic, semistuporous state, smelling strongly of sulfur dioxide, he couldn't have been aware of me. Couldn't?

"It took you long enough." He didn't bother to turn from the rock he was huddled against.

"I had to be sure." I felt anything but the calm carried in my voice. "No wonder the GG got the right answers, with you making initial starts. Say, were you responsible for the cat that rolled at me?"

"An accident. Obviously, I wanted this room built as much as you." Harry, now undisguised, languorously turned. "Your little trap didn't quite come off--a danger in fighting a superior intellect."

"No trap. I had a job to do; it's done."

"Job? Job?" Infuriated, leaping to his feet, he shouted, "Speak the native tongue, filth!"

"What's the use? Because of you, I'll never again have the chance. And you no longer have a native tongue."

"Who were those judges," he asked bitterly, "to declare \_me\_ an outcast?"



"Representatives of an outraged society." I almost lost my temper, thinking of this deviant's crimes. "You were lucky to get banishment instead of death."

He grinned. "So were you."

"True. I tried to find the proper place, where you'd have some chance."

He laughed openly. "I fixed the ship nicely."

"You don't understand at all--"

"I counted on your being a hero, trying to save us. So, I escaped."

"For three years only."

"What do you mean?"

"One of us won't leave here."

Harry frowned, then tried cunning. "Aren't you being silly? We are hopelessly marooned. Surely there are overriding considerations to your childish devotion to duty."

I shook my head. "This is too small a room for us. Even if I trusted you, I couldn't allow you at this naive young world."

Voices suddenly approached. "The GG?" Harry questioned.

"Didn't know they were coming." Desperately, I looked about, found an eroded mass. "Hide there; I'll get rid of them."

"You'd better--we have business." Possibly it was the only time I've agreed with him. Mel and Dex came in. I called, "Over here!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Dex snapped his fingers. "\_Knew\_ it was Venus."

Mel wrinkled his nose. "Sulfur dioxide, too, like we figured. Soda pop, when I broke into that tender scene between you and Frank--that gave you necessary carbon dioxide, right, am I not?"

"Yes ... Why don't you guys leave me alone?" Beginning to falter in the heat, they dripped perspiration. "You could die in this chilly climate."

Dex said, "Listen for a second. We don't have to break up. Let's form a service organization, 'Problems, Inc.' or some equally stupid title. Very soon we could afford a private bedroom, like this, for you to stay in all the time--"

"Need only two or three nights in ten." Harry was moving restlessly. He wouldn't wait much longer. "Combination of oxygen, carbon dioxide, and sulfur under relatively high temperature is how I eat. Pills can substitute, but not for protracted periods. That's why I had to build this room. Couple of weeks, and I'll be in the pink; as pink as you, anyway."

Abruptly, I lay down, ignoring them. I had to make my friends go. Harry could literally have shredded them. Footsteps: the door closed; relief and loneliness joined me, but only for a moment.

His voice sliced the darkness: "I'm a man of honor, and must warn you. If we fight, you'll lose. I escaped with far more pills than you; you're weaker."

I said sardonically, "With you stealing parts of my supply, that's probably the only truthful thing you've said!"

"I've been in here three nights, adjusting my metabolism ..."

He came at me then, not breaking his flow of speech. At home, I'd have been surprised at the dishonor. Instead, I was expecting it. He ran into my balled fist.

If we'd been home ... if, if, if, if, if. At full strength, I could have broken his neck with the blow. Now, he simply rolled back and fell. Laughing, he attacked again. We were weak as babes, and fought like it. Clumsily, slowly, we went through the motions.

He'd been right--he was a little stronger, and the relative difference began to tell. Soon I was falling from his blows.

Hands on my neck, he kneed me hard in the stomach. Violently ill, I felt the sulfur dioxide rush from my lungs.

I remembered one trick they'd taught at school, and I used it. Unable to break his hold, I managed to get my hands around his throat. We locked, each silent.

Silent until I felt my last reserves going, until the crooning of the Song of Eternity began. This couldn't happen, not to this planet. With

all my strength, I gave one last squeeze--but it failed. From somewhere, light-years of light-years away, I heard Frank, realized I'd played the fool: she'd been working for the monster.

A blinding flash inside my head--and the Last Darkness descended.

\* \* \* \* \*

The light hadn't been inside my head: it flooded the room. Dimly, I was aware of the injection, and immediately felt better. Harry was gone.

The GG, minus one, was gathered around. Mel said, "It was a dilute solution of cerium nitrate. We figured the percentage on the basis of the pill Frank swiped. Hope you aren't poisoned."

"No." My voice was weak, "Need it. Oxidizing agent for the sulfur."

"Harry's dead," Hazel frowned. "When we came in, you'd broken his neck, were crooning to yourself."

So I had been crooning the Song of Eternity? "I'm a"--I felt silly--"a cop on a mission. I waited until whichever of you it was settled down here. That one had to be the criminal, to be done away with."

"Dex and I got rid of the body," Mel said. "No need to worry unless ... unless you've read my stories. Perhaps you are the criminal. I'll be watching."

"No proof, of course ... Do you believe I'm the criminal?"

Mel smiled. "No, but I'll watch anyway."

"More closely than tonight, I hope," Hazel said acidly. "If it hadn't been for her...."

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw Frank, and was ashamed of my suspicions. She was silent, looking concerned. They all did, and I was warmed. Because, despite discomfort, they worried about me, an alien, a stranger. "Better leave. Heat's getting you."

Dex asked, "When are you going back?"

I shrugged. "Never. The ship is in the Gulf of California ... Harry did that."

"What about our company? We can research anti-gravity. You might reach home yet."

I shook my head. "Said I was a policeman. I don't know very much--"

"Perfectly normal!" Mel said before Hazel shooshed him.

Dex was insistent: "Any cop knows at least something about his motorcycle. Was I right about the superconductor?"

"Yes. Now, get out of here, idiots, before there's no one left to form the company!"

Hazel, perspiring freely, red hair shimmering, kissed me. "We figured you out real, real early. We aren't ever wrong, and I'm glad we stayed with you, Mr. Venus." She laughed joyously, "First time I've ever kissed a Venusian!"

Frank, head close to mine, said softly, "I'm terribly sorry I said those things, but you had to believe I was angry, so I could call the others--"

"And I did everything possible to get you out...."

We were silent; then I said what I'd been fighting not to, for so long. "Frank ... Francis?"

She understood, and stared horrified at me. I'd lost. Bowed my head, feeling like the damned fool I was.

She looked around the room. "It's so strange!"

"And with ingrained racial conditioning, you couldn't respond to a thin, sallow alien."

"I don't know," she said hesitantly.

"I do!" Mel said. "The oldest story in science fiction; it's true; I can't write it."

"Why not?"

"No editor in right or wrong mind would buy the beautiful Earth damsel, after whom lusts the Monster from Venus--"

Frank snapped: "He isn't a monster! And his manners are better than many writers' I could name ..."

Her voice trailed off with awareness of Mel's tiny smile--a smile that widened. He pulled her toward the door. "What a story! We'll hold the wedding in a Turkish Bath."

Alone, I sighed, comfortable again after three years. I was grateful to the GG, and would do anything, within limits, for them. Yet, my newly adopted planet needed protection. Babes in the woods, they'd be torn to pieces outside.

Fortunately, the GG didn't know my meaning of "policeman", my home's highest order of intellect. I'd assure the group finally getting anti-gravity and use of planetary lines of force. But not the hyperspace drive, not for a good long while.

I certainly couldn't destroy the GG's confidence. I couldn't hurt them. They were so sure about me--so sure they were never wrong. How could I explain I'd been looking for a decent, habitable planet like Venus to discharge my captive, that I was from another galaxy?

=====

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

A Story of the Italian Quarter

By ADRIANA SPADONI

VINCENZA looked from the three crisp dollar bills to her husband, and back again, wonderingly and with fear in her eyes.

"I understand nothing, Gino, and I am afraid. Perhaps it will bring the sickness, the money--it is of the devil, maybe----"

Luigi laughed, but a little uneasily. "It is time, then, that the devil went to paradise; he makes better for us than the saints, to whom you pray so----"

"S-sh!" Vincenza crossed herself quickly. "That is a great wickedness."

Luigi picked up the bills, examining them closely. Apparently they were good. Nevertheless he put them down again, and went on carving a wooden cow for the little Carolina, with a puzzled look in his black eyes.

"Gino," Vincenza stopped undressing the baby suddenly when the thought

came to her. "Go thou and ask Biaggio. He has been many years in this country, and, besides, he is also a Genovese. He will tell thee."

Luigi's eyes cleared, but he condescended to make no reply. It is not for a man to take the advice of a woman. But when it was dark, and Vincenza had gone to lie down with the Little One, Luigi took his hat and went over to the shop of Biaggio Franchini.

Biaggio listened attentively; his pudgy hands, crossed on his stomach, rose and fell with the undulations of the rolls of flesh beneath. From time to time he ceased for a moment the contemplation of the strings of garlic and sausage that hung from the fly-specked ceiling of his diminutive shop, and turned his little black eyes sharply on Luigi.

"So," he said at last, "to-day a lady came to thy house, and after to ask many questions left these three dollars. It was in this way?"

"Just so," replied Luigi, "and questions the most marvelous I have ever heard. And in this country, where everyone asks the questions. How long that I do not work, and if we have to eat?" Luigi laughed; "of a surety, Biaggio, she asked that. She sees that we live--and she asks if we eat--\_ma! ch!\_ And then, if we have every day the meat? When I said once, sometimes twice in the week--thou knowest it is not possible to have more often, when one waits to buy the house--then it was she put on the table the three dollars, and gave me a paper to sign----"

"Thou didst sign nothing?" Biaggio spoke eagerly.

"No. Once I signed the paper in English and it cost me two dollars; not again. I said I could not write, and she wrote for me."

"\_Bene\_," Biaggio nodded approval. "It is not thy writing. It can do nothing."

"Perhaps it is because I voted twice at the election last week? But already I have taken the money for that. It was one only dollar. I----"

"Non, non, it is not that. Listen!" Slowly Biaggio shut both eyes, as if to keep out the tremendous light that had dawned upon him, and nodded his head knowingly. Then he opened them, shifted his huge bulk upright, and clapped Luigi on the knee.

"Thou art in great luck friend," he cried, "and it is well that thou hast asked me. If thou hadst gone to another, to a man not honest, who knows? Listen. In our country when a rich man dies, he leaves always something for the poor, but he leaves it to the church and it is the fathers who give away the money. *Corpo di Bacco!* what that means thou

knowest well. Sometimes a little gets to the poor. Sometimes---- But in this country it is not so. He leaves to a society. There are many. And they pay the women, and sometimes the men, to give away the money----

"Santo Cristo," gasped Luigi, "they pay to give away the money?"

"For them it is a job like any other. Didst think it was for love of thee or the red curls of thy Vincenza?"

"Marvelous, most marvelous," murmured Luigi, "and it is possible then for all people to get----

"Ma, that no one can explain," and Biaggio shrugged his shoulders; in a gesture of absolute inability to solve the problem.

"She will come then again, this lady?" Luigi leaned forward eagerly. He was beginning to grasp it.

"It is for thee to say stop, my son, if thou hast in thy head anything but fat. But thou art a Genovese. Only I say," Biaggio laid a grimy thumb across his lips and winked knowingly--"Tell to none."

"Thanks, many thanks friend," Luigi's voice was deeply grateful, "perhaps some day I can do for thee----?"

"It is nothing--nothing," insisted Biaggio, patting the air with his pudgy hands in a gesture of denial, "a little kindness between friends."

At great inconvenience to himself, Biaggio held the door open to give Luigi more light in crossing the street. As he closed it and turned out the gas, he smiled to himself. "And each bottle of oil will cost thee ten cents more, friend. Business is business, and yesterday thy Vincenza returned the carrots because they were not fresh. Ecco!"

Back in his own room, Luigi folded the three notes neatly, while Vincenza watched him, her gray eyes wide with wonder.

"Marvelous, marvelous," she whispered just as Luigi had done, "to-night I thank the Virgin."

As Biaggio had foretold, the Lady in Fur came every day. Luigi did not understand all that she said, but he always listened politely and smiled, with his dark eyes and his lips and his glistening white teeth. It made her feel very old to see Luigi smile like that, when he had to live in one room with a leaking water pipe and a garbage can outside the door. Sometimes she was almost ashamed to offer the three dollars, and she was grateful for the gentle, sweet way Luigi accepted it.

Then one day when the air was thick with snow, and the air in the tenement halls cut like needles of ice and the lamps had to be lit at two o'clock, the Lady in Brown Fur came unexpectedly. She had found work for Luigi. She kissed the Little One, patted Vincenza's shoulder and shook hands with Luigi. Again and again she made him repeat the name and address to make sure he had it quite right. The Lady in Brown Fur was very happy. When she went Vincenza leaned far over the banisters with the lamp while Luigi called out in his soft, broken English, directions for avoiding the lines of washing below and the refuse piled in dark turns of the stairs. When the Lady in Brown Fur had disappeared Vincenza turned to Luigi.

"Of a surety, cara, the saints are good. Never before didst thou work before April. In the new house we will keep for ourselves two rooms.

"These people have the 'pull' even more than the alderman, Biaggio says," replied Luigi with a dreamy look in his eyes. "It may be that from this work I shall take three dollars each day."

"Madonna mia," gasped Vincenza, "it is beyond belief."

\* \* \* \* \*

For five days Luigi stood four hours each afternoon, bent forward, to the lifting of a cardboard block, while Hugh Keswick painted, as he had not painted for months, the tense muscles under the olive skin, the strong neck and shoulders. The Building of the Temple advanced rapidly. And Luigi's arms and back ached so that each night Vincenza had to rub them with the oil which now cost ten cents more in the shop of Biaggio.

On the Sixth day Luigi refused to go.

"I tell thee it is a stupidity--to stand all day with the pain in the back. For what? Fifty cents. It is a work for old men and children----"

"But thou canst not make the money, sitting in thy chair, with thy feet on the stove, like now----"

"Dost thou wish then that I have every night the knives in my back? If so----"

"Not so, caro, but----"

"Listen. You understand nothing and talk as a woman. A lady comes to my house. She says--you have no work, here is money. Then she comes and says--here is work. But at this work I make not so much as before she



gave; and in addition, I have the pain in the back. Ecco, when she comes again, I no longer have the work. It is her job to give away the money. She is not a fool, that Lady in Brown Fur. It is that I make her a kindness. Not so?"

"As thou sayest," and Vincenza went on with her endless washing.

But when the week passed and the Lady in Brown Fur did not come, Luigi's forehead wrinkled with the effort to understand. When the second had gone, Luigi was openly troubled. When the third was half over, he again took his hat and went over to the shop of Biaggio.

As before Biaggio listened attentively, his eyes closed, until Luigi had finished. Then he opened them, made a clicking noise with his tongue, and laid one finger along the side of his nose.

"Holy Body of Christ," he said softly, "in business thou hast the head like a rock. In one curl of thy Vincenza there is more sense than in all thy great body. Did I not tell thee to be careful, and it would stop only when thou didst wish. And now, without to ask my advice, you make the stupidity, bah----"

"Ma, Dio mio," Luigi's hands made angry protest against the invective of Biaggio, "I said only like a man of sense. It is her job, it make no difference----"

"Blood of the Lamb! Thou hast been in America eight months, and thou dost not know that they are mad, all quite mad, to work? Never do they stop. Even after to have fifty years, think, fifty years, still they work. They work even with the children old enough to keep them. For many months The Skinny One, she who gives milk to the baby of Giacomo, had the habit to find him such work, like the foolishness of your painter. And Giacomo has already three children more than fifteen. Ma----" Biaggio snorted his contempt. Then suddenly his manner changed. He leaned back in his chair, and apparently dismissed the subject with a wave of his fat hand.

"And the little Carolina she is well in this weather of the devil?" But Luigi did not answer. He was thinking with a pucker between his black eyes. Biaggio watched him narrowly. At last he spoke, looking fixedly at the sausages above his head.

"Of course--it--is--possible--you have made a--mistake--but----"

Luigi leaned forward eagerly. "It is possible then to----"

"All things are possible," Biaggio nodded his head at the sausages,

blinking like a large, fat owl. Then he stopped.

"Perhaps, you will tell--to me," Luigi was forced to it at last.

Biaggio gave a little grunt as if he were being brought back from a deep meditation. "There is a way," he said slowly. "If thou write to her of the Brown Fur that thou art sick and cannot do the work----"

"But never in my life was I better. Only last week Giacomo said I have grown fat. How the----"

"It is possible," replied Biaggio wearily, "to be sick of a sickness that makes one neither thin nor white. With a sickness--of the legs like the rheumatism, for example, one eats, one sleeps, only one cannot walk or stand for many hours."

In spite of his efforts to the contrary, the wonder and admiration grew deeper in Luigi's eyes. "Thou thinkest the----?"

"I am sure," now that Luigi was reduced to the proper state of humility Biaggio gave up his attitude of distant oracle, and leaned close. "Thou hast made a mistake, but it is not too late. If thou dost wish I will write it for thee."

"If thou sayest," replied Luigi and now it was his turn to gaze at the strings of garlic, "if you will do this favor."

"With pleasure," Biaggio's fat hands made little gestures of willingness to oblige. "Of a truth it is not much, but when one wishes to buy the house, and already the family is begun, two dollars and a half each week----"

Luigi glanced at him sharply. "Two and----"

Biaggio drew the ink to him and dipped his pen. "Two and a half for thee, and for me----"

"Bene, bene," Luigi interrupted quickly, "it is only just."

"Between friends," explained Biaggio as he began to write.

"Between friends," echoed Luigi, and added to himself, "closer than the skin of a snake art thou--friend."

The Lady in the Brown Fur came next day. She had been very angry and disappointed in Luigi, too angry and disappointed to go near him. Now she felt very sorry and uncomfortable when she saw his right leg

stretched out before, so stiff that he could not bend it. He smiled and made the motion of getting up, but could not do it, and sank back again with a gesture of helplessness more eloquent than words. When the Lady in Brown Fur had gone, Vincenza found an extra bill, brand new, tucked into the pocket of the little Carolina.

Luigi waited until he was quite sure that Biaggio would be alone. There was a look of real sorrow in his dark eyes as he slipped a shiny quarter across the counter. "She left only two," he explained, "the reason I do not know. Perhaps next time----"

"It is nothing, nothing between friends." Biaggio slipped the quarter into the cigar box under the counter and smiled a fat smile at Luigi. But he did not hold the door open when Luigi went, and his little eyes were hard like gimlet points. "So," he whispered softly. "So. One learns quickly, very quickly in this new country. Only two dollars this time. Bene, Gino mio, the price of sausage, as that of oil, goes up--between friends."

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## THE FIRE QUEST

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Japanese Fairy Tales*, by Grace James

The Wise Poet sat reading by the light of his taper. It was a night of the seventh month. The cicada sang in the flower of the pomegranate, the frog sang by the pond. The moon was out and all the stars, the air was heavy and sweet-scented. But the Poet was not happy, for moths came by the score to the light of his taper; not moths only, but cockchafers and dragon-flies with their wings rainbow-tinted. One and all they came upon the Fire Quest; one and all they burned their bright wings in the flame and so died. And the Poet was grieved.

Little harmless children of the night, he said, why will you still fly upon the Fire Quest? Never, never can you attain, yet you strive and die. Foolish ones, have you never heard the story of the Firefly Queen?

The moths and the cockchafers and the dragon-flies fluttered about the taper and paid him no heed.

They have never heard it, said the Poet; yet it is old enough.  
Listen:

The Firefly Queen was the brightest and most beautiful of small things that fly. She dwelt in the heart of a rosy lotus. The lotus grew on a still lake, and it swayed to and fro upon the lake's bosom while the Firefly Queen slept within. It was like the reflection of a star in the water.

You must know, oh, little children of the night, that the Firefly Queen had many suitors. Moths and cockchafers and dragon-flies innumerable flew to the lotus on the lake. And their hearts were filled with passionate love. Have pity, have pity, they cried, Queen of the Fireflies, Bright Light of the Lake. But the Firefly Queen sat and smiled and shone. It seemed that she was not sensible of the incense of love that arose about her.

At last she said, Oh, you lovers, one and all, what make you here idly, cumbering my lotus house? Prove your love, if you love me indeed. Go, you lovers, and bring me fire, and then I will answer.

Then, oh, little children of the night, there was a swift whirr of wings, for the moths and the cockchafers and the dragon-flies innumerable swiftly departed upon the Fire Quest. But the Firefly Queen laughed. Afterwards I will tell you the reason of her laughter.

So the lovers flew here and there in the still night, taking with them their desire. They found lighted lattices ajar and entered forthwith. In one chamber there was a girl who took a love-letter from her pillow and read it in tears, by the light of a taper. In another a woman sat holding the light close to a mirror, where she looked and painted her face. A great white moth put out the trembling candle-flame with his wings.

Alack! I am afraid, shrieked the woman; the horrible dark!

In another place there lay a man dying. He said, For pity's sake light me the lamp, for the black night falls.

We have lighted it, they said, long since. It is close beside you, and a legion of moths and dragon-flies flutter about it.

I cannot see anything at all, murmured the man.

But those that flew on the Fire Quest burnt their frail wings in the fire. In the morning they lay dead by the hundred and were swept away and forgotten.

The Firefly Queen was safe in her lotus bower with her beloved, who was as bright as she, for he was a great lord of the Fireflies. No need had

he to go upon the Fire Quest. He carried the living flame beneath his wings.

Thus the Firefly Queen deceived her lovers, and therefore she laughed when she sent them from her on a vain adventure.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be not deceived, cried the Wise Poet, oh, little children of the night. The Firefly Queen is always the same. Give over the Fire Quest.

But the moths and the cockchafer and the dragon-flies paid no heed to the words of the Wise Poet. Still they fluttered about his taper, and they burnt their bright wings in the flame and so died.

Presently the Poet blew out the light. I must needs sit in the dark, he said; it is the only way.

---

## **A QUEER CASE.**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Stories Of Georgia*, by Joel Chandler Harris

A very queer, not to say mysterious case, was brought to trial in Jones County in 1837, at the April term of the Superior Court. It has had no parallel in Georgia before or since, and had none in any other country, so far as the present writer is aware, until the celebrated Tichborne case was brought to trial in England a few years ago. The Bunkley case created quite as much excitement, and caused quite as much division in public opinion in Georgia, as the Tichborne case did in England.

Jesse L. Bunkley belonged to a good family in Jones County, and when he came of age would have fallen heir to an estate worth forty thousand dollars. An effort was made to give him all the advantages of education, but these he refused to accept. He was a wild boy, and was fonder of wild company than of his books. He went to school for a while in Eatonton, but got into some scrape there and ran away. He was afterwards sent to Franklin College, now the State University, where he entered the grammar school. Such discipline as they had in those days was irksome to young Bunkley, and he soon grew tired of it. He left the college, and, after roving about for a while, returned to his home in Jones County. In his twentieth year, 1825, being well supplied with money, he left his home for the purpose of traveling. He went to the Southwest, and in that

year wrote to his mother from New Orleans.

No other letter was received from him during that year or the next, and in 1827 word was brought to Jones County that Jesse Bunkley was dead. The rumor, for it seems to have been nothing more, was regarded by the family as true. At any rate, no attempt was made to investigate it. Jesse was the black sheep of the family; he had been away from home a good deal; his conduct when at home had not been such as to commend him to the affections of his people; and his mother had married a third husband, a man named Lowther: consequently the vague news of the young man's death was probably received with a feeling of relief. There was always a probability that such a wild and dissipated youngster would come to some bad end; but with his death that probability ceased to be even a possibility, and so, no doubt with a sigh of relief, young Bunkley's people put aside the memory of him. He was dead and buried. Those who survived him were more than willing to take the care and trouble of managing the estate which young Bunkley would have inherited had he returned and claimed it.

But in 1833, Major Smith of Jones County received a letter purporting to be from Jesse L. Bunkley, and it related to matters that both Smith and Bunkley were familiar with. In December, 1833, Mrs. Lowther, his mother, received a letter from a person claiming to be her son Jesse. The letter was dated at the New Orleans prison. It appears from this letter that the family of Bunkley had already taken steps to disown the person who had written to Major Smith, and who claimed to be Jesse Bunkley. The letter to Mrs. Lowther was very awkwardly written. It was misspelled, and bore no marks of punctuation; and yet it is just such a letter as might be written by a man who took no interest in his books when a schoolboy, and had had no occasion to look into them or to handle a pen. He said in this letter that he wrote to convince his mother that he was her own child, though it appeared that she wished to disown him. This, he declared in his awkward way, he knew no reason for, unless it was on account of his past folly. He then went on to relate some facts about the family and his own school days. The mother did not answer this letter, because, as she said afterwards on the witness stand, she did not consider that it was from her son. She was satisfied, she said, that the letter was not in her son's handwriting.

The person claiming to be Jesse L. Bunkley reached Jones County some time afterwards. His case, in the nature of things, excited great public interest. Hundreds of people who had known Jesse recognized him in this claimant. On the other hand, hundreds who had also known Bunkley when a boy failed to recognize him in the claimant. Meanwhile those who had charge of the Bunkley property took prompt action. They went before the grand jury, and had the claimant indicted for cheating and swindling; and thus began the celebrated case of the State against Elijah Barber,

alias Jesse L. Bunkley.

The claimant came to Jones County in 1836, was indicted in that year, and his case was brought to trial in the Superior Court in April, 1837. A great deal of time was taken up in the investigation. More than one hundred and thirty witnesses were examined. Ninety-eight, the majority of these being disinterested persons, declared that they believed the claimant to be an impostor. More than forty disinterested persons declared under oath that they believed the claimant to be Jesse L. Bunkley, and the majority of these last witnesses had known Bunkley long and intimately.

The efforts of the prosecution were directed to showing that the man claiming to be Jesse Bunkley was in reality Elijah Barber, who in 1824-25 was a wagoner who hauled lumber from Grace's Mill near Macon, who was also known in Upson County, and who had served in the Florida war. Some of the witnesses who had never known Bunkley recognized the claimant as a man who had called himself Barber. Some of the witnesses who had known Jesse from his boyhood testified that they recognized the claimant as Bunkley on sight. Bunkley had various scars on his face, neck, and body. The claimant exhibited all these to the jury. One of the witnesses remembered that Bunkley bore the marks of a snake bite on one of his legs. The claimant immediately showed these marks. Hundreds of questions had been put to the claimant to test his memory. A great many he answered correctly, a great many others he failed to answer; but his replies to all vital questions were wonderfully clear and satisfactory. The jury was out but a short time before it returned, bringing in a verdict of guilty; and the claimant was sentenced to the penitentiary, where he served out his term.

[Illustration: The Bunkley Trial 245]

This verdict and sentence settled the case in law, but it remained as unsettled as ever in the public mind. The writer of this has heard it discussed on more than one occasion among old ladies and gentlemen who knew Bunkley, and who saw the claimant; and, without exception, they declared that the verdict of the jury was cruelly unjust.

And yet, if any wrong was done, Bunkley himself was to blame for it. Being a young man of fortune and of the fairest prospects, he owed it to himself, his family, his friends, and to society at large, to become a good citizen, so that his ample means might be properly employed. Instead of that, he became a rowdy and a rioter, spending his days and his nights in evil company and in dissipation. If the claimant in this mysterious case was really Jesse Bunkley, it may be said of him that his sins had found him out.

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## THE CLUB OF QUEER FELLOWS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Tales of a Traveller*, by Washington Irving

I think it was but the very next evening that in coming out of Covent Garden Theatre with my eccentric friend Buckthorne, he proposed to give me another peep at life and character. Finding me willing for any research of the kind, he took me through a variety of the narrow courts and lanes about Covent Garden, until we stopped before a tavern from which we heard the bursts of merriment of a jovial party. There would be a loud peal of laughter, then an interval, then another peal; as if a prime wag were telling a story. After a little while there was a song, and at the close of each stanza a hearty roar and a vehement thumping on the table.

"This is the place," whispered Buckthorne. "It is the 'Club of Queer Fellows.' A great resort of the small wits, third-rate actors, and newspaper critics of the theatres. Any one can go in on paying a shilling at the bar for the use of the club."

We entered, therefore, without ceremony, and took our seats at a lone table in a dusky corner of the room. The club was assembled round a table, on which stood beverages of various kinds, according to the taste of the individual. The members were a set of queer fellows indeed; but what was my surprise on recognizing in the prime wit of the meeting the poor devil author whom I had remarked at the booksellers' dinner for his promising face and his complete taciturnity. Matters, however, were entirely changed with him. There he was a mere cypher: here he was lord of the ascendant; the choice spirit, the dominant genius. He sat at the head of the table with his hat on, and an eye beaming even more luminously than his nose. He had a quiz and a fillip for every one, and a good thing on every occasion. Nothing could be said or done without eliciting a spark from him; and I solemnly declare I have heard much worse wit even from noblemen. His jokes, it must be confessed, were rather wet, but they suited the circle in which he presided. The company were in that maudlin mood when a little wit goes a great way. Every time he opened his lips there was sure to be a roar, and sometimes before he had time to speak.

We were fortunate enough to enter in time for a glee composed by him expressly for the club, and which he sang with two boon companions, who would have been worthy subjects for Hogarth's pencil. As they were each provided with a written copy, I was enabled to procure the reading of



it.

Merrily, merrily push round the glass,  
And merrily troll the glee,  
For he who won't drink till he wink is an ass,  
So neighbor I drink to thee.  
Merrily, merrily puddle thy nose,  
Until it right rosy shall be;  
For a jolly red nose, I speak under the rose,  
Is a sign of good company.

We waited until the party broke up, and no one but the wit remained. He sat at the table with his legs stretched under it, and wide apart; his hands in his breeches pockets; his head drooped upon his breast; and gazing with lack-lustre countenance on an empty tankard. His gayety was gone, his fire completely quenched.

My companion approached and startled him from his fit of brown study, introducing himself on the strength of their having dined together at the booksellers'.

"By the way," said he, "it seems to me I have seen you before; your face is surely the face of an old acquaintance, though for the life of me I cannot tell where I have known you."

"Very likely," said he with a smile; "many of my old friends have forgotten me. Though, to tell the truth, my memory in this instance is as bad as your own. If, however, it will assist your recollection in any way, my name is Thomas Dribble, at your service."

"What, Tom Dribble, who was at old Birchell's school in Warwickshire?"

"The same," said the other, coolly.

"Why, then we are old schoolmates, though it's no wonder you don't recollect me. I was your junior by several years; don't you recollect little Jack Buckthorne?"

Here then ensued a scene of school-fellow recognition; and a world of talk about old school times and school pranks. Mr. Dribble ended by observing, with a heavy sigh, "that times were sadly changed since those days."

"Faith, Mr. Dribble," said I, "you seem quite a different man here from what you were at dinner. I had no idea that you had so much stuff in you. There you were all silence; but here you absolutely keep the table in a roar."

"Ah, my dear sir," replied he, with a shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulder, "I'm a mere glow-worm. I never shine by daylight. Besides, it's a hard thing for a poor devil of an author to shine at the table of a rich bookseller. Who do you think would laugh at any thing I could say, when I had some of the current wits of the day about me? But here, though a poor devil, I am among still poorer devils than myself; men who look up to me as a man of letters and a bel esprit, and all my jokes pass as sterling gold from the mint."

"You surely do yourself injustice, sir," said I; "I have certainly heard more good things from you this evening than from any of those beaux esprits by whom you appear to have been so daunted."

"Ah, sir! but they have luck on their side; they are in the fashion--there's nothing like being in fashion. A man that has once got his character up for a wit, is always sure of a laugh, say what he may. He may utter as much nonsense as he pleases, and all will pass current. No one stops to question the coin of a rich man; but a poor devil cannot pass off either a joke or a guinea, without its being examined on both sides. Wit and coin are always doubted with a threadbare coat.

"For my part," continued he, giving his hat a twitch a little more on one side, "for my part, I hate your fine dinners; there's nothing, sir, like the freedom of a chop-house. I'd rather, any time, have my steak and tankard among my own set, than drink claret and eat venison with your cursed civil, elegant company, who never laugh at a good joke from a poor devil, for fear of its being vulgar. A good joke grows in a wet soil; it flourishes in low places, but withers on your d--d high, dry grounds. I once kept high company, sir, until I nearly ruined myself; I grew so dull, and vapid, and genteel. Nothing saved me but being arrested by my landlady and thrown into prison; where a course of catch-clubs, eight-penny ale, and poor-devil company, manured my mind and brought it back to itself again."

As it was now growing late we parted for the evening; though I felt anxious to know more of this practical philosopher. I was glad, therefore, when Buckthorne proposed to have another meeting to talk over old school times, and inquired his school-mate's address. The latter seemed at first a little shy of naming his lodgings; but suddenly assuming an air of hardihood--"Green Arbour court, sir," exclaimed he--"number--in Green Arbour court. You must know the place. Classic ground, sir! classic ground! It was there Goldsmith wrote his Vicar of Wakefield. I always like to live in literary haunts."

I was amused with this whimsical apology for shabby quarters. On our Way homewards Buckthorne assured me that this Dribble had been the

prime wit and great wag of the school in their boyish days, and one of those unlucky urchins denominated bright geniuses. As he perceived me curious respecting his old school-mate, he promised to take me with him, in his proposed visit to Green Arbour court.

A few mornings afterwards he called upon me, and we set forth on our expedition. He led me through a variety of singular alleys, and courts, and blind passages; for he appeared to be profoundly versed in all the intricate geography of the metropolis. At length we came out upon Fleet Market, and traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, named Break-neck Stairs. These, he told me, led up to Green Arbour court, and that down them poor Goldsmith might many a time have risked his neck. When we entered the court, I could not but smile to think in what out-of-the-way corners genius produces her bantlings! And the muses, those capricious dames, who, forsooth, so often refuse to visit palaces, and deny a single smile to votaries in splendid studies and gilded drawing-rooms,--what holes and burrows will they frequent to lavish their favors on some ragged disciple!

This Green Arbour court I found to be a small square of tall and Miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. It appeared to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry. Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragos about a disputed right to a washtub, and immediately the whole community was in a hubbub. Heads in mob caps popped out of every window, and such a clamor of tongues ensued that I was fain to stop my ears. Every Amazon took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms dripping with soapsuds, and fired away from her window as from the embrasure of a fortress; while the swarms of children nestled and cradled in every procreant chamber of this hive, waking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert.

Poor Goldsmith! what a time must he have had of it, with his quiet Disposition and nervous habits, penned up in this den of noise and vulgarity. How strange that while every sight and sound was sufficient to embitter the heart and fill it with misanthropy, his pen should be dropping the honey of Hybla. Yet it is more than probable that he drew many of his inimitable pictures of low life from the scenes which surrounded him in this abode. The circumstance of Mrs. Tibbs being obliged to wash her husband's two shirts in a neighbor's house, who refused to lend her washtub, may have been no sport of fancy, but a fact passing under his own eye. His landlady may have sat for the picture, and Beau Tibbs' scanty wardrobe have been a facsimile of his

own.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to Dribble's lodgings. They were up two pair of stairs, in a room that looked upon the court, and when we entered he was seated on the edge of his bed, writing at a broken table. He received us, however, with a free, open, poor devil air, that was irresistible. It is true he did at first appear slightly confused; buttoned up his waistcoat a little higher and tucked in a stray frill of linen. But he recollected himself in an instant; gave a half swagger, half leer, as he stepped forth to receive us; drew a three-legged stool for Mr. Buckthorne; pointed me to a lumbering old damask chair that looked like a dethroned monarch in exile, and bade us welcome to his garret.

We soon got engaged in conversation. Buckthorne and he had much to say about early school scenes; and as nothing opens a man's heart more than recollections of the kind, we soon drew from him a brief outline of his literary career.

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## "ULTIMATE QUESTIONS"

Project Gutenberg's *The Romance of the Milky Way*, by Lafcadio Hearn

A memory of long ago.... I am walking upon a granite pavement that rings like iron, between buildings of granite bathed in the light of a cloudless noon. Shadows are short and sharp: there is no stir in the hot bright air; and the sound of my footsteps, strangely loud, is the only sound in the street.... Suddenly an odd feeling comes to me, with a sort of tingling shock,--a feeling, or suspicion, of universal illusion. The pavement, the bulks of hewn stone, the iron rails, and all things visible, are dreams! Light, color, form, weight, solidity--all sensed existences--are but phantoms of being, manifestations only of one infinite ghostliness for which the language of man has not any word....

This experience had been produced by study of the first volume of the Synthetic Philosophy, which an American friend had taught me how to read. I did not find it easy reading; partly because I am a slow thinker, but chiefly because my mind had never been trained to sustained effort in such directions. To learn the "First Principles" occupied me many months: no other volume of the series gave me equal trouble. I would read one section at a time,--rarely two,--never venturing upon a fresh section until I thought that I had made sure of the preceding. Very cautious and slow my progress was, like that

of a man mounting, for the first time, a long series of ladders in darkness. Reaching the light at last, I caught a sudden new vision of things,--a momentary perception of the illusion of surfaces,--and from that time the world never again appeared to me quite the same as it had appeared before.

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--This memory of more than twenty years ago, and the extraordinary thrill of the moment, were recently revived for me by the reading of the essay "Ultimate Questions," in the last and not least precious volume bequeathed us by the world's greatest thinker. The essay contains his final utterance about the riddle of life and death, as that riddle presented itself to his vast mind in the dusk of a lifetime of intellectual toil. Certainly the substance of what he had to tell us might have been inferred from the Synthetic Philosophy; but the particular interest of this last essay is made by the writer's expression of personal sentiment regarding the problem that troubles all deep thinkers. Perhaps few of us could have remained satisfied with his purely scientific position. Even while fully accepting his declaration of the identity of the power that "wells up in us under the form of consciousness" with that Power Unknowable which shapes all things, most disciples of the master must have longed for some chance to ask him directly, "But how do you feel in regard to the prospect of personal dissolution?" And this merely emotional question he has answered as frankly and as fully as any of us could have desired,--perhaps even more frankly. "Old people," he remarks apologetically, "must have many reflections in common. Doubtless one which I have now in mind is very familiar. For years past, when watching the unfolding buds in the spring, there has arisen the thought, 'Shall I ever again see the buds unfold? Shall I ever again be awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush?' Now that the end is not likely to be long postponed, there results an increasing tendency to meditate upon ultimate questions."... Then he tells us that these ultimate questions--"of the How and the Why, of the Whence and the Whither"--occupy much more space in the minds of those who cannot accept the creed of Christendom, than the current conception fills in the minds of the majority of men. The enormity of the problem of existence becomes manifest only to those who have permitted themselves to think freely and widely and deeply, with all such aids to thought as exact science can furnish; and the larger the knowledge of the thinker, the more pressing and tremendous the problem appears, and the more hopelessly unanswerable. To Herbert Spencer himself it must have assumed a vastness beyond the apprehension of the average mind; and it weighed upon him more and more inexorably the nearer he approached to death. He could not avoid the conviction--plainly suggested in his magnificent Psychology and in other volumes of his great work--that

there exists no rational evidence for any belief in the continuance of conscious personality after death:--

"After studying primitive beliefs, and finding that there is no origin for the idea of an after-life, save the conclusion which the savage draws, from the notion suggested by dreams, of a wandering double which comes back on awaking, and which goes away for an indefinite time at death;--and after contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first,--we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive."

In this measured utterance there is no word of hope; but there is at least a carefully stated doubt, which those who will may try to develop into the germ of a hope. The guarded phrase, "we \_seem\_ obliged to relinquish," certainly suggests that, although in the present state of human knowledge we have no reason to believe in the perpetuity of consciousness, some larger future knowledge might help us to a less forlorn prospect. From the prospect as it now appears even this mightiest of thinkers recoiled:--

... "But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived.

"And then the consciousness itself--what is it during the time that it continues? And what becomes of it when it ends? We can only infer that it is a specialized and individualized form of that Infinite and Eternal Energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination; and that at death its elements lapse into that Infinite and Eternal Energy whence they were derived."

\* \* \* \* \*

--\_With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived?\_ To the individual, perhaps--surely not to the humanity made wiser and better by his labors.... But the world must pass away: will it thereafter be the same for the universe as if humanity had never existed? That might depend upon the possibilities of future inter-planetary communication.... But the whole universe of suns and planets must also perish: thereafter will it be the same as if no intelligent life had ever toiled and suffered upon those countless worlds? We have at least the certainty that the energies

of life cannot be destroyed, and the strong probability that they will help to form another life and thought in universes yet to be evolved.... Nevertheless, allowing for all imagined possibilities,--granting even the likelihood of some inapprehensible relation between all past and all future conditioned-being,--the tremendous question remains: What signifies the whole of apparitional existence to the Unconditioned? As flickers of sheet-lightning leave no record in the night, so in that Darkness a million billion trillion universes might come and go, and leave no trace of their having been.

\* \* \* \* \*

To every aspect of the problem Herbert Spencer must have given thought; but he has plainly declared that the human intellect, as at present constituted, can offer no solution. The greatest mind that this world has yet produced--the mind that systematized all human knowledge, that revolutionized modern science, that dissipated materialism forever, that revealed to us the ghostly unity of all existence, that reestablished all ethics upon an immutable and eternal foundation,--the mind that could expound with equal lucidity, and by the same universal formula, the history of a gnat or the history of a sun--confessed itself, before the Riddle of Existence, scarcely less helpless than the mind of a child.

But for me the supreme value of this last essay is made by the fact that in its pathetic statement of uncertainties and probabilities one can discern something very much resembling a declaration of faith. Though assured that we have yet no foundation for any belief in the persistence of consciousness after the death of the brain, we are bidden to remember that the ultimate nature of consciousness remains inscrutable. Though we cannot surmise the relation of consciousness to the unseen, we are reminded that it must be considered as a manifestation of the Infinite Energy, and that its elements, if dissociated by death, will return to the timeless and measureless Source of Life.... Science to-day also assures us that whatever existence has been--all individual life that ever moved in animal or plant,--all feeling and thought that ever stirred in human consciousness--must have flashed self-record beyond the sphere of sentiency; and though we cannot know, we cannot help imagining that the best of such registration may be destined to perpetuity. On this latter subject, for obvious reasons, Herbert Spencer has remained silent; but the reader may ponder a remarkable paragraph in the final sixth edition of the "First Principles,"--a paragraph dealing with the hypothesis that consciousness may belong to the cosmic ether. This hypothesis has not been lightly dismissed by him; and even while proving its inadequacy, he seems to intimate that it may represent imperfectly some truth yet inapprehensible by the human mind:--

"The only supposition having consistency is that that in which consciousness inheres is the all-pervading ether. This we know can be affected by molecules of matter in motion, and conversely can affect the motions of molecules;--as witness the action of light on the retina. In pursuance of this supposition we may assume that the ether, which pervades not only all space but all matter, is, under special conditions in certain parts of the nervous system, capable of being affected by the nervous changes in such way as to result in feeling, and is reciprocally capable under these conditions of affecting the nervous changes. But if we accept this explanation, we must assume that the potentiality of feeling is universal, and that the evolution of feeling in the ether takes place only under the extremely complex conditions occurring in certain nervous centres. This, however, is but a semblance of an explanation, since we know not what the ether is, and since, by confession of those most capable of judging, no hypothesis that has been framed accounts for all its powers. Such an explanation may be said to do no more than symbolize the phenomena by symbols of unknown natures."--["First Principles," § 71 \_c\_, definitive edition of 1900.]

--"Inscrutable is this complex consciousness which has slowly evolved out of infantine vacuity--consciousness which, in other shapes, is manifested by animate beings at large--consciousness which, during the development of every creature, makes its appearance out of what seems unconscious matter; \_suggesting the thought that consciousness, in some rudimentary form, is omnipresent.\_"[65]

[Footnote 65: \_Autobiography\_, vol. ii, p. 470.]

--Of all modern thinkers, Spencer was perhaps the most careful to avoid giving encouragement to any hypothesis unsupported by powerful evidence. Even the simple sum of his own creed is uttered only, with due reservation, as a statement of three probabilities: that consciousness represents a specialized and individualized form of the infinite Energy; that it is dissolved by death; and that its elements then return to the source of all being. As for our mental attitude toward the infinite Mystery, his advice is plain. We must resign ourselves to the eternal law, and endeavor to vanquish our ancient inheritance of superstitious terrors, remembering that, "merciless as is the Cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it."[66]



[Footnote 66: \_Facts and Comments\_, p. 201.]

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In the same brief essay there is another confession of singular interest,--an acknowledgment of the terror of Space. To even the ordinary mind, the notion of infinite Space, as forced upon us by those monstrous facts of astronomy which require no serious study to apprehend, is terrifying;--I mean the mere vague idea of that everlasting Night into which the blazing of millions of suns can bring neither light nor warmth. But to the intellect of Herbert Spencer the idea of Space must have presented itself after a manner incomparably more mysterious and stupendous. The mathematician alone will comprehend the full significance of the paragraph dealing with the Geometry of Position and the mystery of space-relations,--or the startling declaration that "even could we penetrate the mysteries of existence, there would remain still more transcendent mysteries." But Herbert Spencer tells us that, apart from the conception of these geometrical mysteries, the problem of naked Space itself became for him, in the twilight of his age, an obsession and a dismay:--

... "And then comes the thought of this universal matrix itself, anteceding alike creation or evolution, whichever be assumed, and infinitely transcending both, alike in extent and duration; since both, if conceived at all, must be conceived as having had beginnings, while Space had no beginning. The thought of this blank form of existence which, explored in all directions as far as imagination can reach, has, beyond that, an unexplored region compared with which the part which imagination has traversed is but infinitesimal,--the thought of a Space compared with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point is a thought too overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite Space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

\* \* \* \* \*

How the idea of infinite Space may affect a mind incomparably more powerful than my own, I cannot know;--neither can I divine the nature of certain problems which the laws of space-relation present to the geometrician. But when I try to determine the cause of the horror which that idea evokes within my own feeble imagination, I am able to distinguish different elements of the emotion,--particular forms of terror responding to particular ideas (rational and irrational) suggested by the revelations of science. One feeling--perhaps the main element of the horror--is made by the thought of being \_prisoned\_

forever and ever within that unutterable Viewlessness which occupies infinite Space.

Behind this feeling there is more than the thought of eternal circumscription;--there is also the idea of being perpetually penetrated, traversed, thrilled by the Nameless;--there is likewise the certainty that no least particle of innermost secret Self could shun the eternal touch of It;--there is furthermore the tremendous conviction that could the Self of me rush with the swiftness of light,--with more than the swiftness of light,--beyond all galaxies, beyond durations of time so vast that Science knows no sign by which their magnitudes might be indicated,--and still flee onward, onward, downward, upward,--always, always,--never could that Self of me reach nearer to any verge, never speed farther from any centre. For, in that Silence, all vastitude and height and depth and time and direction are swallowed up: relation therein could have no meaning but for the speck of my fleeting consciousness,--atom of terror pulsating alone through atomless, soundless, nameless, illimitable potentiality.

And the idea of that potentiality awakens another quality of horror,--the horror of infinite Possibility. For this Inscrutable that pulses through substance as if substance were not at all,--so subtly that none can feel the flowing of its tides, yet so swiftly that no life-time would suffice to count the number of the oscillations which it makes within the fraction of one second,--thrills to us out of endlessness;--and the force of infinity dwells in its lightest tremor; the weight of eternity presses behind its faintest shudder. To that phantom-Touch, the tinting of a blossom or the dissipation of a universe were equally facile: here it caresses the eye with the charm and illusion of color; there it bestirs into being a cluster of giant suns. All that human mind is capable of conceiving as possible (and how much also that human mind must forever remain incapable of conceiving?) may be wrought anywhere, everywhere, by a single tremor of that Abyss....

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Is it true, as some would have us believe, that the fear of the extinction of self is the terror supreme?... For the thought of personal perpetuity in the infinite vortex is enough to evoke sudden trepidations that no tongue can utter,--fugitive instants of a horror too vast to enter wholly into consciousness: a horror that can be endured in swift black glimpsings only. And the trust that we are one with the Absolute--dim points of thrilling in the abyss of It--can prove a consoling faith only to those who find themselves obliged to think that consciousness dissolves with the crumbling of the brain.... It seems to me that few (or none) dare to utter frankly those

stupendous doubts and fears which force mortal intelligence to recoil upon itself at every fresh attempt to pass the barrier of the Knowable. Were that barrier unexpectedly pushed back,--were knowledge to be suddenly and vastly expanded beyond its present limits,--perhaps we should find ourselves unable to endure the revelation....

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Percival Lowell's astonishing book, "Mars," sets one to thinking about the results of being able to hold communication with the habitants of an older and a wiser world,--some race of beings more highly evolved than we, both intellectually and morally, and able to interpret a thousand mysteries that still baffle our science. Perhaps, in such event, we should not find ourselves able to comprehend the methods, even could we borrow the results, of wisdom older than all our civilization by myriads or hundreds of myriads of years. But would not the sudden advent of larger knowledge from some elder planet prove for us, by reason, of the present moral condition of mankind, nothing less than a catastrophe?--might it not even result in the extinction of the human species?...

The rule seems to be that the dissemination of dangerous higher knowledge, before the masses of a people are ethically prepared to receive it, will always be prevented by the conservative instinct; and we have reason to suppose (allowing for individual exceptions) that the power to gain higher knowledge is developed only as the moral ability to profit by such knowledge is evolved. I fancy that if the power of holding intellectual converse with other worlds could now serve us, we should presently obtain it. But if, by some astonishing chance,--as by the discovery, let us suppose, of some method of ether-telegraphy,--this power were prematurely acquired, its exercise would in all probability be prohibited.... Imagine, for example, what would have happened during the Middle Ages to the person guilty of discovering means to communicate with the people of a neighboring planet! Assuredly that inventor and his apparatus and his records would have been burned; every trace and memory of his labors would have been extirpated. Even to-day the sudden discovery of truths unsupported by human experience, the sudden revelation of facts totally opposed to existing convictions, might evoke some frantic revival of superstitious terrors,--some religious panic-fury that would strangle science, and replunge the world in mental darkness for a thousand years.

*The Quiet Singer.* [Charles Hanson Towne]

The Project Gutenberg Etext of *The Little Book of Modern Verse*\*

Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

(Ave! Francis Thompson)

He had been singing -- but I had not heard his voice;  
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,  
O many a morning long.  
But I, remote and far,  
Under an alien star,  
Listened to other singers, other birds,  
And other silver words.  
But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,  
Beg the cold world to hear?  
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,  
At dawn, or in the blue, mild Summer noon,  
Knowing that, late or soon,  
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing  
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.  
He sings, albeit alone,  
Spendthrift of each pure tone,  
Hoarding no single song,  
No cadence wild and strong.  
But one day, from a friend far overseas,  
As if upon the breeze,  
There came the teeming wonder of his words --  
A golden troop of birds,  
Caged in a little volume made to love;  
Singing, singing,  
Flinging, flinging  
Their breaking hearts on mine, and swiftly bringing  
Tears, and the peace thereof.  
How the world woke anew!  
How the days broke anew!  
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry  
I seemed to see,  
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.  
Hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom,  
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom  
Were hung upon his loom.  
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,  
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched morns --

These, all these I saw,  
With that ecstatic awe  
Wherewith one looks into Eternity.

And then I knew that, though I had not heard  
His voice before,  
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird  
At some one's distant door,  
Had made my own more sweet; had made it more  
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.  
I knew then why the days  
Had seemed to me more perfect when the Spring  
Came with old burgeoning;  
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,  
And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;  
And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking  
Beauty more high and noble for his sake,  
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail  
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet if the Springs long past  
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,  
I tremble at the beauty I shall see  
In seasons still to be,  
Now that his songs are mine while Life shall last.  
O now for me  
New floods of vision open suddenly . . .  
Rejoice, my heart! Rejoice  
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

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## DEEP IN THE QUIET WOOD

Project Gutenberg's *Fifty years & Other Poems*, by James Weldon Johnson

Are you bowed down in heart?  
Do you but hear the clashing discords and the din of life?  
Then come away, come to the peaceful wood,  
Here bathe your soul in silence. Listen! Now,  
From out the palpitating solitude  
Do you not catch, yet faint, elusive strains?  
They are above, around, within you, everywhere.  
Silently listen! Clear, and still more clear, they come.  
They bubble up in rippling notes, and swell in singing tones.

Now let your soul run the whole gamut of the wondrous scale  
Until, responsive to the tonic chord,  
It touches the diapason of God's grand cathedral organ,  
Filling earth for you with heavenly peace  
And holy harmonies.

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## THE OLD AGE OF QUEEN MAEVE.

Project Gutenberg's *In The Seven Woods*, by William Butler (W.B.) Yeats

Maeve the great queen was pacing to and fro,  
Between the walls covered with beaten bronze,  
In her high house at Cruachan; the long hearth,  
Flickering with ash and hazel, but half showed  
Where the tired horse-boys lay upon the rushes,  
Or on the benches underneath the walls,  
In comfortable sleep; all living slept  
But that great queen, who more than half the night  
Had paced from door to fire and fire to door.  
Though now in her old age, in her young age  
She had been beautiful in that old way  
That's all but gone; for the proud heart is gone  
And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all  
But soft beauty and indolent desire.  
She could have called over the rim of the world  
Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,  
And yet had been great bodied and great limbed,  
Fashioned to be the mother of strong children;  
And she'd had lucky eyes and a high heart,  
And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax,  
At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,  
Sudden and laughing.

    O unquiet heart,  
Why do you praise another, praising her,  
As if there were no tale but your own tale  
Worth knitting to a measure of sweet sound?  
Have I not bid you tell of that great queen  
Who has been buried some two thousand years?

When night was at its deepest, a wild goose  
Cried from the porter's lodge, and with long clamour  
Shook the ale horns and shields upon their hooks;

But the horse-boys slept on, as though some power  
Had filled the house with Druid heaviness;  
And wondering who of the many changing Sidhe  
Had come as in the old times to counsel her,  
Maeve walked, yet with slow footfall being old,  
To that small chamber by the outer gate.  
The porter slept although he sat upright  
With still and stony limbs and open eyes.  
Maeve waited, and when that ear-piercing noise  
Broke from his parted lips and broke again,  
She laid a hand on either of his shoulders,  
And shook him wide awake, and bid him say  
Who of the wandering many-changing ones  
Had troubled his sleep. But all he had to say  
Was that, the air being heavy and the dogs  
More still than they had been for a good month,  
He had fallen asleep, and, though he had dreamed nothing,  
He could remember when he had had fine dreams.  
It was before the time of the great war  
Over the White-Horned Bull, and the Brown Bull.

She turned away; he turned again to sleep  
That no god troubled now, and, wondering  
What matters were afoot among the Sidhe,  
Maeve walked through that great hall, and with a sigh  
Lifted the curtain of her sleeping room,  
Remembering that she too had seemed divine  
To many thousand eyes, and to her own  
One that the generations had long waited  
That work too difficult for mortal hands  
Might be accomplished. Bunching the curtain up  
She saw her husband Ailell sleeping there,  
And thought of days when he'd had a straight body,  
And of that famous Fergus, Nessa's husband,  
Who had been the lover of her middle life.

Suddenly Ailell spoke out of his sleep,  
And not with his own voice or a man's voice,  
But with the burning, live, unshaken voice  
Of those that it may be can never age.  
He said, 'High Queen of Cruachan and Mag Ai  
A king of the Great Plain would speak with you.'  
And with glad voice Maeve answered him, 'What King  
Of the far wandering shadows has come to me?  
As in the old days when they would come and go  
About my threshold to counsel and to help.'  
The parted lips replied, 'I seek your help,

'How may a mortal whose life gutters out  
Help them that wander with hand clasping hand  
By rivers where nor rain nor hail has dimmed  
Their haughty images, that cannot fade  
Although their beauty's like a hollow dream.'

I come from the undimmed rivers to bid you call  
The children of the Maines out of sleep,  
And set them digging into Anbual's hill.  
We shadows, while they uproot his earthy house,  
Will overthrow his shadows and carry off  
Caer, his blue eyed daughter that I love.  
I helped your fathers when they built these walls  
And I would have your help in my great need,  
Queen of high Cruachan.'

‘I obey your will  
With speedy feet and a most thankful heart:  
For you have been, O Aengus of the birds,  
Our giver of good counsel and good luck.’  
And with a groan, as if the mortal breath  
Could but awaken sadly upon lips  
That happier breath had moved, her husband turned  
Face downward, tossing in a troubled sleep;  
But Maeve, and not with a slow feeble foot,  
Came to the threshold of the painted house,  
Where her grandchildren slept, and cried aloud,  
Until the pillared dark began to stir  
With shouting and the clang of unhooked arms.

She told them of the many-changing ones;  
And all that night, and all through the next day  
To middle night, they dug into the hill.  
At middle night great cats with silver claws,  
Bodies of shadow and blind eyes like pearls,  
Came up out of the hole, and red-eared hounds  
With long white bodies came out of the air  
Suddenly, and ran at them and harried them.

The Maines' children dropped their spades, and stood  
With quaking joints and terror stricken faces,  
Till Maeve called out, 'These are but common men.  
The Maines' children have not dropped their spades  
Because Earth crazy for its broken power  
Casts up a show and the winds answer it  
With holy shadows.' Her high heart was glad,



And when the uproar ran along the grass  
She followed with light footfall in the midst,  
Till it died out where an old thorn tree stood.

Friend of these many years, you too had stood  
With equal courage in that whirling rout;  
For you, although you've not her wandering heart,  
Have all that greatness, and not hers alone.  
For there is no high story about queens  
In any ancient book but tells of you,  
And when I've heard how they grew old and died  
Or fell into unhappiness I've said;  
'She will grow old and die and she has wept!'  
And when I'd write it out anew, the words,  
Half crazy with the thought, She too has wept!  
Outrun the measure.

I'd tell of that great queen  
Who stood amid a silence by the thorn  
Until two lovers came out of the air  
With bodies made out of soft fire. The one  
About whose face birds wagged their fiery wings  
Said, 'Aengus and his sweetheart give their thanks  
To Maeve and to Maeve's household, owing all  
In owing them the bride-bed that gives peace.'  
Then Maeve, 'O Aengus, Master of all lovers,  
A thousand years ago you held high talk  
With the first kings of many pillared Cruachan.  
O when will you grow weary.'

They had vanished,  
But out of the dark air over her head there came  
A murmur of soft words and meeting lips.